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YELLOW FEVER IN THE SOUTH.—THE DREADED FLAG.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1897.

PRESIDENT ANDREWS AND BROWN UNIVERSITY.

At the hour when we write, it seems certain that President Andrews will continue to discharge the functions of President of Brown University, and it is fortunate for the cause of the higher education in this country that such should be the case. When the day comes that American schools of learning and research will not tolerate freedom of thought and freedom of speech, they will forfeit popular respect and their usefulness will cease. It was, in truth, a serious crisis, involving interests far broader than those of a single institution, which was provoked by the letter addressed to Dr. Andrews by a committee of the corporation. The question raised by that letter was whether the president or a professor of an American university is at liberty to publish his honest and mature opinions regarding matters of great public moment. That is a question which John Milton supposed himself to have answered once for all in his *Areopagitica* when he said: "Let truth and falsehood grapple; so truth be in the field we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength." Let us recall very briefly the principal facts in a case which is certain to leave a deep mark on the history of American education.

It was in June of this year that a member of the corporation of Brown University informed his colleagues, about half of whom are business men, that the public utterances of President Andrews concerning the free coinage of silver had caused the withholding of gifts which otherwise would have been made to the university. The outcome of the ensuing discussion was the appointment of a committee of three, charged to confer with the president in regard to the interests of this institution. Ambiguous as were the terms of the resolution appointing the committee, it was well understood that they signified a design of subjecting the president to some sort of pressure with a view to the repression of any public utterances of his views respecting the monetary question upon which the contest for the Presidency was then turning. That this was the intention is evident from the written communication which at Dr. Andrews's request was addressed to him by the committee. They informed him that his public declarations in behalf of the free coinage of silver demanded by the Chicago Convention had already cost Brown University several legacies and donations, and were likely to injure it more seriously from a pecuniary viewpoint in the future. They requested, therefore, that, out of regard for the interests of the University, he should forbear thereafter to promulgate those views. Dr. Andrews, knowing that with respect to the free coinage of silver he had kept far within the limits which college presidents habitually set for themselves in regard to public utterance, immediately sent in his resignation, to take effect upon the meeting of the corporation in September. The question was thus distinctly raised whether a college president may properly make a public avowal of his real views concerning matters of politics, political economy, or finance, if such a statement will attract gifts, but must withhold it, if it will repel them.

This curious view of the duty of university officials elicited a storm of protests, some of which came from college presidents, and one of which emanated from a distinguished graduate of Brown, Mr. Richard Olney, Secretary of State in the Cleveland administration. The most impressive remonstrance, however, was a memorial addressed to the corporation and signed by a majority of the professors at Brown, who, it was supposed in certain quarters, had thereby imperiled their own tenure of office. In a paper of considerable length and of admirable spirit, it was pointed out by these professors that in the question at issue between the corporation of Brown and Dr. Andrews, much more was involved than the exigencies of a single institution or the fortunes of a single educator. They submitted that the attempt to impose upon the president of a university

a limitation of his activity in public affairs rested upon a theory which, if extensively acted upon, would eat the heart out of educational institutions; the theory, namely, that the growth of a university's pecuniary resources is of more importance than independence of thought and expression on the part of its president and its professors, and that boards of trustees have, as such, the right to suggest limitations upon such independence. They denied that the pecuniary question is of paramount moment to a university. They denied that the test of a college president is his ability to draw funds toward the treasury of the institution over which he presides. As well contend, they said, that the so-called "debt-raiser" is the one valuable type of clergyman. They maintained, on the contrary, that those who are accustomed to reflect upon the aims and methods of university education, those who have felt its value and perceived the real sources of its power, know well that the final test of a college official's usefulness is at the end of the nineteenth century, what it was in all preceding centuries, the existence or non-existence of that personal power which, with money or without money, can take hold of an institution and lift it from a lower to a higher plane; which can seize upon the imaginations and the moral natures of young men, and transform them into something more scholarly and manly and noble. Who inquires, asked the Brown professors, whether Dr. Thomas K. Arnold increased the endowment of Rugby school, and who would measure the educational value of Benjamin Jowett as Master of Balliol by the amount of money he collected for the college? Surely, they said, it cannot be contended that Mr. Worldly Wiseman or Mr. Facing-both-ways, if sufficiently skillful in getting money, would be a better president of Brown than Mr. Greatheart, though the latter should have made the institution for the first time a university worthy of the name.

It was alleged during the discussion of this matter in the public prints that the president of an educational institution is bound to conform his public expressions to the views of its trustees or of the community in which it is placed. It is undoubtedly true that in certain Western State Universities just such conformity has been exacted and with disastrous results. It was not hitherto supposed, however, that such political compliance would be exacted on the part of old and honored colleges in the most conservative portion of the land. Idle was it to assert, as some newspapers asserted, that there was no politics in the movement against Dr. Andrews for the reason that the question of the free coinage of silver is a moral question. As the professors of Brown retorted, every man is inclined to think that while a political matter about which he cares little is mere politics, one about which he cares a great deal is simply a matter of right and wrong. We do not suppose that there is a professor of political economy in the universe who would not admit that the free coinage of silver, considered as a question of public policy, is open to discussion in the same sense as are other questions of public policy. To assert the contrary would be repugnant to common sense. It is not, in truth, as the trustees of Brown were informed by their own professors, the proper function of a university to "represent" or to advocate any favored set of political any more than of religious doctrines, but rather to inspire young men with the love of truth and knowledge, and to teach how these are to be attained; namely, through freedom and openness of mind.

What would have been the effect upon Brown University had its president consented to be officially restrained? The answer returned by its professors influenced not only public opinion in Rhode Island and elsewhere, but, as the event proved, even the trustees who had previously attempted to coerce Dr. Andrews. The effect would be, on the one hand, the possible addition to the college income of a certain number of dollars. On the other hand, would be witnessed throughout the intellectual life of the University the blight of notorious or suspected repression. The students would know or suspect that, with regard to certain subjects, the silence of their president had been purchased or imposed. The difficulty, it was pointed out, could not be averted by accepting Dr. Andrews's resignation, for then the burden and the stigma would fall on his successor. Undoubtedly it would have been hard to persuade a man of high educational qualifications and independent

character to accept the post of president under the new and invidious conditions.

Fortunately for Brown University and the cause of higher education throughout the United States, the trustees, at their recent meeting, abandoned the position they had originally taken and requested Dr. Andrews to withdraw his resignation. This he consented to do, and he is once more the head of an institution which, during his term of office, has made remarkable progress.

ARE THE POOR GROWING POORER?

We set forth the other day some statistics which showed that, in England at all events, the poor have not been growing poorer, the contrary, during the reign of the present sovereign. We pointed out, upon the evidence of figures, that pauperism has signally diminished during the last sixty years; that the share of the national wealth belonging to men possessed of incomes exceeding \$5,000 is much smaller than it was in 1837, whereas the share accruing to wage-workers is much larger than it was then. Can similar data be produced with regard to the United States? The question is answered in the affirmative by the well-known statistician, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Comparing three different censuses, Mr. Wright finds that the whole body of bread-winners in the United States amounted in 1870 to 32.43 per cent of the total population, and in 1890 to 36.31 per cent. This bread-winning factor is divided by him into four groups, the highest of which is made up of farmers, planters, bankers, brokers, manufacturers, merchants, small tradesmen, and persons engaged in professional pursuits. This group contributed 10.17 per cent to the whole population in 1870 and 11.97 per cent in 1890. Obviously, these figures attest a decided increase in the proportion of this relatively high-paid class of bread-winners to the aggregate number of inhabitants. Mr. Wright's second group, composed of agents, collectors, commercial travelers, book-keepers, clerks, salesmen and others engaged in kindred occupations, formed in 1870 only 0.91 per cent of the whole population, whereas in 1890 it reached 2.15 per cent. In this class of well-paid persons also there was, we observe, a notable increase in respect of proportion. In the third group Mr. Wright would place the skilled workers of a community, such as engineers, firemen, food preparers, clothing-makers, leather workers, textile-workers, metal and wood-workers, printers, engravers and bookbinders, tobacco and cigar factory operatives, steam and electric railway employees, and all those engaged in the mechanical trades. Of the whole population this group constituted 6.59 per cent in 1870, and 8.75 per cent in 1890. Here, again, in the applications of skilled and relatively well-paid labor we encounter a signal advance in proportion to the population. We come now to a contrast which is equally significant. In the fourth group would be placed by Mr. Wright agricultural laborers, boatmen, fishermen, sailors, draymen, hostlers, ordinary laborers, miners and quarrymen, messengers, packers, porters, servants and all others engaged in pursuits of like grade. Here a comparison of the censuses proves that the very reverse of what was remarked in the case of the first three groups is true. In 1870 this fourth group, comprising what may be described as unskilled workers, constituted 14.76 per cent of the total population, while in 1890 it formed but 13.44 per cent. These figures unquestionably show that there are to-day relatively fewer people engaged in unskilled and ill-paid occupations than there were twenty years ago, while, as we have already seen, there are relatively more people employed in skilled and well-paid occupations.

Of course, however, it would be possible for a relatively larger proportion of the population to be engaged in skilled and well-paid labor, and yet for each individual to earn less money than he earned two decades ago. We must look next, therefore, at the question of wages and their purchasing power. Mr. Wright examines the history of no fewer than seventeen of the principal branches of industry in the United States, and he finds in them an average increase of no less than 60.7 per cent in the rates of wages between 1860 and 1890. This, too, notwithstanding the fact that the hours of labor were reduced during the period on an

average 1.4 hours per day. Is, however, the purchasing power of wages equal to what it was thirty years ago? Mr. Wright investigates the prices of 223 articles, and finds that their prices were, on an average, 7.8 per cent lower in 1890 than in 1860. On the other hand, rents have advanced, but if rent as well as all other purchasable things be taken into consideration, the conclusion is that the cost of living was not much, if any, higher in 1890 than it was in 1860. It follows that the rise of 60.7 per cent in wages during that period may be regarded as a net gain for the recipients. Statistics gathered from still another source indicate that the general standard of well-being in the American community has materially improved since the decade preceding the Civil War. In 1850 there were to each million of inhabitants 2,171 paupers in the almshouses; in 1890 there were but 1,176. It is evident, therefore, that in the United States as well as in England, pauperism has been diminished nearly one half within half a century.

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT ON A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

It was not long after the beginning of the Victorian reign that public attention was attracted to a controversy between Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Sir William Hamilton, the well-known Scotch metaphysician, and the successor of Reid and Dugald Stewart in the exposition of philosophy at Edinburgh. The subject of the dispute was the comparative value of the study of the classics and that of the higher mathematics, considered as an instrument of mental discipline. Dr. Whewell maintained that the higher mathematics, whether explored for themselves or in their applications to certain sciences, such as astronomy, chemistry and physics, constituted a more efficient intellectual gymnastic than did the traditional study of the Latin and Greek classics from a grammatical, rhetorical and historical point of view. Sir William Hamilton took the opposite side of the question, and it was thought at the time that he had the better of the contest; partly, perhaps, because the trend of public opinion was as yet favorable to his conservative position, and partly, no doubt, owing to the superior eloquence with which his cause was pleaded. After this passage of arms the controversy slumbered for a considerable period, until, some ten or twelve years ago, Charles Francis Adams the younger, in the Phi Beta Kappa oration, delivered by him at Harvard University, maintained that the Latin and Greek classics were almost useless for the purposes which they were supposed to serve. The speaker said that, while as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa he presumably had profited as much as most of his classmates by the conventional curriculum, he found himself at the date of his speech unable to read Greek, or even to construe an unfamiliar Latin sentence without the aid of a dictionary. He drew the inference that the time which had been given by him to the alleged acquisition of those languages might have been employed more profitably in some other way. The speech provoked a great deal of discussion and not a little animadversion; but that it was either a symptom or a cause of a decided change in the methods of college training is evident from the fact that the study of the Greek and Latin classics plays a much smaller part to-day in the academical course of the majority of American universities than it did fifteen or twenty years ago. A strong minority, however, of the institutions devoted to the higher education, with Yale at their head, persist in making a certain knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages a prerequisite of admission to the freshman class and a further pursuance of such studies an indispensable condition of the A.B. degree. That the contest is by no means over, and that the ranks of the conservatives are likely to be further weakened, seems manifest from an article contributed by President Andrews of Brown University to the September number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. The position taken by Dr. Andrews is the more striking, and is likely to be the more influential, because his is a case of conversion from the pro-classical view supported by Sir William Hamilton. He tells us that when he began to teach it was as an enthusiastic classicist, but he declares that long experience and observation have convinced him that certain grave intellectual and moral vices are the outcome of

a classical training. It is not merely that he begrudges the time spent upon classical prosody, in acquiring, that is to say, the power of discriminating between sapphics, alcaics and choriambics, but he especially objects to the study of mythology. He submits that for the young man of to-day the thorough acquaintance with mythological lore, without which classical poetry is to a large extent unintelligible, is worse than useless. The reading of Ovid, of Petronius Arbiter, of Apuleius and of Suetonius, he would regard as a net loss, for the reason that they reek with impurity, and that there is no counterbalancing advantage. To the plea formerly advanced that even the translation of such authors assisted the student to form a good English style, he answers that the study of the classics is, in his judgment, a positive obstacle to the attainment of a fluent, idiomatic, and forceful English diction. This, which was sometime a paradox, he defends by pointing out that the structure of both classical languages is alien and awkward to an English ear. The vocabulary of Milton, for example, was immensely enriched, no doubt, through his familiarity with classical authors; but for the purpose of popular exposition and appeal the structure of his prose was impaired in almost equal proportion, through a more or less conscious imitation of classical models. Bunyon and Cobbett are telling instances of the excellent English that may be written by men who are entirely unacquainted with Hellenic and Roman literature.

Dr. Andrews accepts the distinction drawn by De Quincey between the literature of power and the literature of knowledge, and he would allot a much larger place in an academical curriculum to the former than to the latter. How does he reconcile this position with his objection to the expenditure of time on the acquisition of the classical languages? Presumably on the assumption that the great ethical teachers of Greece and Rome shall be read in translations. Here he has the support of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who in his later years acknowledged that by preference he always read an English translation of the works of Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Demosthenes and Plutarch, Epicurus, Sallust, Tacitus, Seneca, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. The compositions of these writers Dr. Andrews would have students read, not for their form, but for their substance. He would lay, indeed, unprecedented emphasis upon moral character and conduct, and to that end would introduce a continuous training in ethical matters. Ethical teaching he would make, moreover, more scientific, basing it at every point upon the soundest and most inspiring ethical literature, and, at the same time, carefully applying it to the capital moral problems of contemporary life.

It seems to have been a recognition of a needed economy of time which convinced Dr. Andrews that the study of the classical languages must be ousted from its former place of eminence in a university curriculum. The number of years assignable to school and college work in the life of a young man is no larger to-day than it was in former generations; how, then, is it possible for him, unless a considerable part of the former subjects are renounced, to gain an acquaintance with those vast and varied developments of science which constitute the glory of our time? To sacrifice modern science to the acquisition of the classical languages is well-nigh as absurd for us as it would have seemed to an Athenian to postpone the mastery of the masterworks of Attic literature to the exploration of Egyptian and Chaldean lore. This is substantially the axiom from which Dr. Andrews starts, and in conformity therewith, it is biology, in the largest sense of the term, which he would substitute for Latin and Greek. Undoubtedly, biology, if we ascribe to the word its most extensive significance, is, as he says, an immense subject, including not only zoology and botany, but the entire range of social science, under which in turn would be grouped political economy, history, and the science of society and government. It is evident that no studies could be more useful than these, and it is doubtful whether any could better train the mind in the sovereign faculties of insight, analysis, and judgment.

A TIDE which may lead on to a great American victory—the flood of European gold that has set in this direction.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

It is to be hoped that this season's successful effort of the New York merchants to attract buyers to this city will be closely studied throughout the country in every place that has any business that should be improved or any resources that need development. The peculiarity of the movement was that from start to finish it was devoid of nonsense. Goods were not offered "at an alarming sacrifice," nor was any other lying done. The promoters arranged for special transportation rates at given dates; when the possible buyers came every would-be seller was ready to show his goods, and ordinary human interest did the rest. There is but one New York, yet the country contains hundreds of places in which there are products or resources that deserve special attention yet which never will be largely seen except through special efforts on the part of the persons controlling them. Unlike any European nation, the great American republic is so large that the men who study it most remain ignorant of many of its business possibilities. Whatever is really deserving can be brought to general attention only through special effort, and the most direct, the cheapest and the most satisfactory method is to devise inducements that shall place buyers "on the ground." The mountain never did go to Mahomet, much though the old man wanted it; but when Mahomet went to the mountain there was at once a clear understanding between them.

Sense of responsibility has transformed many, many alarming theorists into men of sense, and it is gratifying to note that it is having an improving effect upon even so dangerous a character as Eugene V. Debs, whom almost any nation but the United States would have hanged or shot for the harm he has already done. In a recent speech at Chicago, Debs vigorously condemned some of his followers who had been counseling violence, he declared that bloodshed had no place in the plans of the new "Social Democracy," and he asked anarchists to withdraw from the organization. In taking this course he has merely followed in the footsteps of all would-be reformers of labor methods and society who have not gone down through contempt into oblivion. No desired improvement of the condition of any class was ever attained without the assistance of public opinion, and there is no quicker and more effective method of alienating this necessary assistance than by threats that force will be used. To bully the people of the United States has always implied that the bullies would lose their cause and some of them would lose their lives.

Free silver coinage people who are rejoicing over the report that the Bank of England thinks of holding silver to the extent of one-fifth of its reserve do not seem to have noted that the story "has a string to it," the string being the proviso that France must resume free coinage of silver. With a mint near at hand at which bullion could be turned into coin redeemable in gold, the bank would be entirely safe; even paper currency is entirely satisfactory anywhere so long as there is no doubt of its redemption on demand at its face value. What the issue department of the Bank of England may say from day to day on the subject is of no consequence whatever; France is the country for silver's friends to look to. Such looking will not be restricted to Americans; Germany, Italy and Austria have immense quantities of silver which they have been trying to get rid of, at or near face value, for years. This being true, the English dispatches do not justify any American in buying stock of silver mines or even in melting down his family teaspoons into bullion.

The details of the knit-goods business are beyond the comprehension of the general public, but everybody knows that knit goods include all kinds of underwear, and that the resolution of the manufacturers to advance prices from fifteen to forty per cent signifies something to the pocket of every wearer. Overproduction is charged with some of the trouble that exists in the business, while the remainder is charged to the increased duties on wool. The threat is made that mills will shut down and throw thousands of persons out of work, solely that prices may be raised. Whether this will be done remains to be seen; but as ours is not a tropical climate, and as we are approaching the coldest season of the year, it will be well for all consumers of knit goods to bear in mind that there is no other branch of the clothing business that offers so many opportunities for trickery, and that the testing of new samples of knit goods, by weighing before and after washing, will in a single season save more lives than were lost in any single great battle ever fought on American soil.

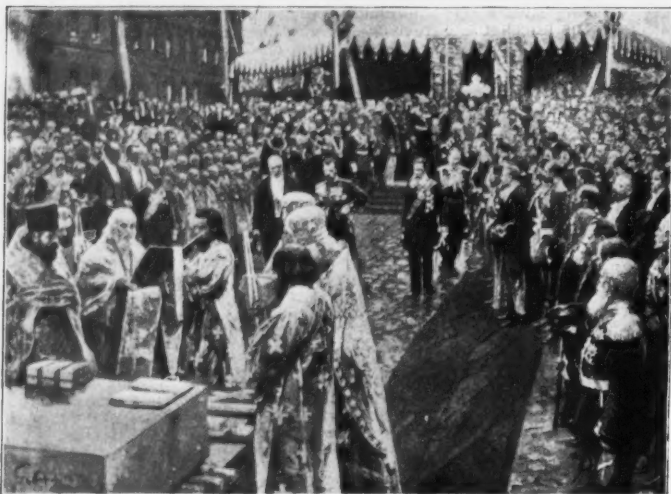
Captain Burley, of the American steamship "City of Washington," who refused to bring an anarchist from Mexico to the United States, deserves a statue, or medal, or speaking-trumpet, or some other testimonial of the admiration of his countrymen; for his refusal was based on the ground that "New York has no more use for anarchists than Mexico has." Anarchy is not as "catching" as yellow fever, smallpox or cholera, but it is quite as mean and undesirable. Most of its exponents reach the United States on vessels owned by foreigners, who are glad to assist their own nations at dumping refuse upon other lands. Captain Burley's act was quite as "American," in the best sense of the word, as was the demonstration of Captain Ingraham, of the Navy, in the historic Martin Koszta case, and it is the more notable because it was not backed by heavy cannon, a fighting crew, official dignity or anything else, but the sense and patriotism of a single American citizen. Hurrah for Captain Burley!

The shooting of negro postmasters in the South is to be deplored, aside from the crime itself, for two reasons of greater consequence than the life or death of a single individual. It brings into prominence once more the hatred of the colored race that is peculiar to the lower classes of Southern whites, and it arrays this class against the national government, which, no matter what its political complexion may be, can not and should not yield to any faction whatsoever. On the

(Continued on page 6.)



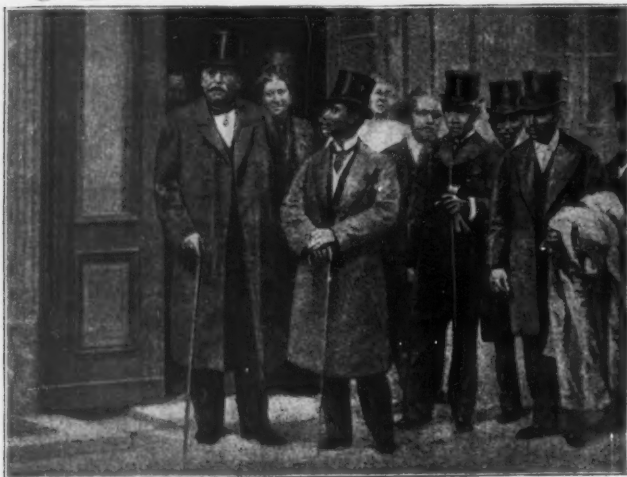
ON THE ROAD TO KLONDIKE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE TROITSKY BRIDGE.



ON THE ROAD TO KLONDIKE THE MILES OR GRAND CANYON



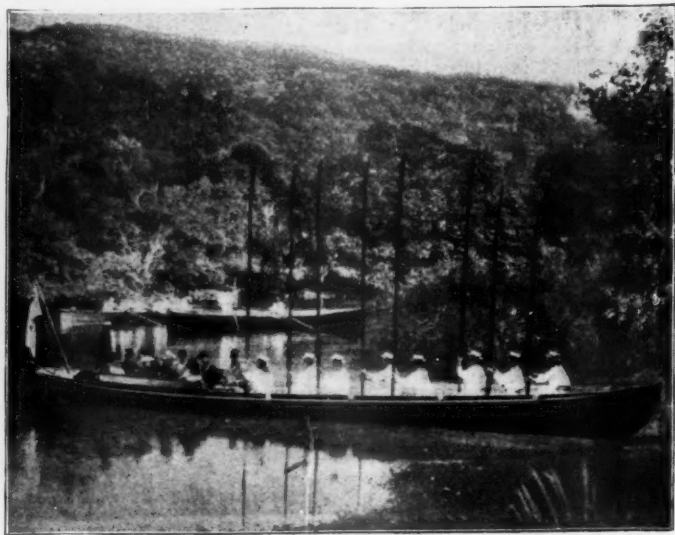
THE KING OF SIAM VISITS PRINCE BISMARCK



THE STATUE TO RAPHAEL.

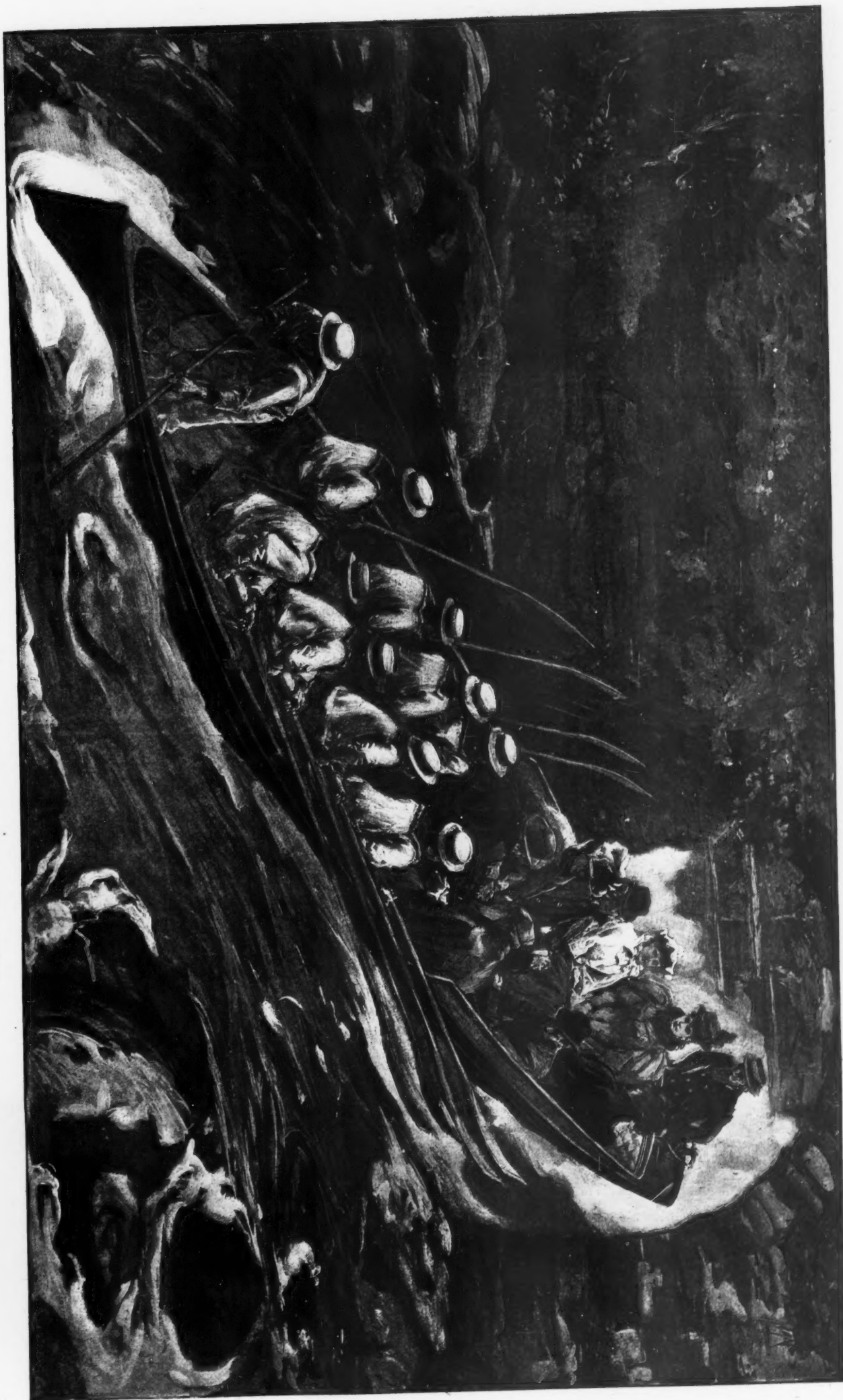


VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK TO MUCKROSS ABBEY.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND LEAVING DERRYCUNIH ON THE UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—THE STAY AT KILARNEY.
THE ROYAL BARGE WITH THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON BOARD SHOOTING THE RAPIDS AT THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE.



other hand, it shows the stupidity of a political system that is given over to the theory that offices are spoils of war, to be apportioned among the adherents of the party that is in power. A postmaster is an official in whom the principal interest comes from the class which sends and receives most mail matter: it should not be necessary to say that in no section does this class consist of colored people. There is but one rule that should govern the selection of postmasters, and it is practiced by certain Congressmen and party leaders who allot the minor offices supposed to be filled by the Administration; it is to appoint such men as are most largely recommended by the persons who send and receive large quantities of mail matter. Why should not the government extend this sensible method to the Southern States? What the colored people are to get out of politics—which means, to such of them as are "organized," what offices are they to get—must continue to be a troublesome and heart-burning subject; but the fact remains that nothing can be more unrepugnant than the forcing of unwelcome officials upon communities of any kind.

The old question of the morality of stock transactions has been raised anew by a United States Circuit Court judge in Kansas who said, while announcing a decision on a stock exchange transaction: "Men who add nothing to the productive wealth of the country grow rich or poor by gambling on the wealth produced by others. Men are daily selling through these exchanges millions of bushels of corn, wheat, and other produce who neither have nor expect to have a bushel; and others are buying millions who never expect to receive a bushel." All of this is entirely true, but the fact remains that legitimate dealers in produce, railway stocks and almost everything else have been unable with their united intellects to devise any better means than the "Exchange" to establish values and to sell or buy quickly and at the rates that are established by open competition in the exchanges. The only possible security of the most honest seller of staples for future delivery is that he can prevent loss by buying or selling anew according to the changes of the market. Had it not been for this open method of dealing, the prices being subject to change from week to week and day to day, our farmers would not now be rejoicing in dollar wheat; they would have been at the mercy of local buyers, who would have gained all the profit. That gamblers take advantage of business conditions is to be regretted, but in all other activities, from that of the saint to those of vermin, there is and will be parasites.

Once more the United States has become the possessor of something which is the biggest thing of its kind in the world. It is a meteorite, which Lieutenant Peary found in Greenland some years ago and which he has now succeeded in bringing back, to find a permanent resting-place in the American Museum of Natural History. It has lost some what of its original bulk by having been for uncounted generations the iron mine from which the Eskimos obtained material for their arrowheads and spearheads, but it is still large enough to indicate that there was a time when the New World was not safe roaming-ground for globe-trotters.

Newspaper paragraphists are finding much fun in the report that a Kansas farmer has lost a valuable diamond in his wheat-field, which shows that even newspaper men don't know everything. There are portions of the United States where men who do not pretend to be rich wear diamonds—real ones—three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and where one may see a "first-water" diamond on a shirt-front that has not been washed in a week. Such customs are merely manifestations of local taste, and that "there is no accounting for tastes" has become proverbial. Some men in the West and Southwest who are church pillars, thirty-second degree Masons, political bosses or prominent in other ways do not comprehend the taste of Eastern men who display on their shirt-fronts some three-for-a-dollar studs yet hide three-hundred-dollar watches in their pockets. In their section of the country the wearing of a big diamond implies as much as the ownership of an opera-box, a Stock Exchange seat or a steam-yacht does here. The important and pleasing fact in the matter is that to wear a diamond out West implies that the wearer is financially responsible; some Eastern men who make a brave display are not.

An improvement on the customary type of religious revival is reported from Georgia. Down there the converts and also the church members in attendance at a protracted revival meeting are confessing their sins in detail in open meeting—not merely acknowledging in general terms that they are great sinners, but making a clean breast of offenses for which the law provides long terms of imprisonment. Whether the grand jury of the vicinity will take cognizance of the penitents' statements remains to be seen; probably it will not, for down in that country they think too much of a square man to send him to jail; good men are scarce, even in Georgia. If any individual revivalist has brought about the new style of conversion the people of the North would like his name and address; communities will bid against one another to have the first call on his services, and they will even promise to go on the bail bonds of all the converts who confess. If he can't be coaxed to come up here, they will even be willing to kidnap a lot of suspects and escort them down to Georgia and to the scene of the influence.

Canada's Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is home again after a long stay in England, where he impressed the governing class as being by far the ablest official that the Dominion had ever sent abroad. He has secured many important concessions desired by his country, and his assertion at Montreal, a few nights ago, that "Canada is now a nation" was in the main justifiable. Like a sensible man he declared further that Canada must now find outside markets for its products, and the key of the situation is cheap transportation; so it is evident that he will have his hands full for some time to come. Americans will wish him all possible success, for many of them believe that their own country's needs are similar to those stated regarding Canada, and they are not too proud to learn from a clever neighbor. He said also that he would not be satisfied until the St. Lawrence route carried not only all of Canadian products but also ninety per cent of those of the United States. In this also the American people will wish him well,

for so long as they have no ocean vessels of their own they would rather have their carrying done by a neighbor than by people from the other side of the Atlantic. The better Canada can do for herself the better will we be pleased; prosperous neighbors are generally the best neighbors.

Some Canadian newspapers are reporting, with pardonable pride, that quite a number of Americans from the wheat States west of the Mississippi River have emigrated to Canada and settled on some of the rich black land north of our border. Canada should remember, however, that the roaming instinct, inherited from pioneers, is still strong in some Americans, and that these men will leave any new home, no matter were it a section of the original Garden of Eden, as suddenly and cheerfully as they left their last one. There are thousands of them who have a mania for trying new neighbors and new land; many of them not yet old have lived in half a dozen different States, and their only reason for going to Canada is that in the United States there is no more prairie land to "homestead." If Canada can cure them of their restlessness the United States will bear her no grudge, but on the contrary will be grateful, for a roaming farmer is a nuisance to any community.

As the assertion that American tools and agricultural implements are displacing similar articles of English manufacture in English colonies is sometimes denied, it is worthy of notice that the new British "blue book" on the conditions of trade in Australia and neighboring islands states plainly that the saws, hammers and axes in use are almost exclusively from the United States, that all the machines used in agriculture are from here, and that in quality and price they are more desirable than any that are sent out from European manufactories. This statement is gratifying principally through the implication that American mechanics are superior in intelligence and quickness to the employees of foreign manufacturers; for raw material is about as cheap in Europe as here, and our mechanics receive better wages than are paid abroad. Foreign makers have no difficulty in obtaining American samples for their own men to study and imitate, but imitation is no substitute for special ability; the American ax, which would seem to be a simple tool, has been known in Europe for fifty years, yet it has made its way into general use wherever men have to chop down trees. Probably American pottery and glassware would be competing with that of Europe all over the world had not the manufacturers been intent first on getting high protective tariff rates and then on cutting one another's throats in unloading surplus products on the home market.

Occasionally there come times when moral reforms receive black eyes in a manner that is unspeakably depressing. In the worst portions of the city of New York one of the worst outward indications is that whisky is sold at three cents a glass and that thousands of the lowest class of drunkards buy all of the stuff they can get. According to accepted theories such liquor should kill off its consumers so rapidly that soon none of them would be left. Yet there has been no increase of the city's death rate, and recent analyses of the cheap liquor show that the stuff is actually less harmful than the new yet genuine whisky that is sold over most bars throughout the country. The three-cent potatoes prove not to be whisky at all; they are compounded of alcohol, water, coloring matter and flavoring extracts, none of which is harmful, the quantity of alcohol is less than in genuine whisky, while fusel oil, the terror of drinking men and the mainstay (verbal) of prohibition orators, is entirely lacking, although real whisky without it is hard to find. There ought to be some moral to relieve the story of its depressing effect, but there isn't; the reports of analyses discourage even the cruel hope that city tramps may in time succeed in drinking themselves to death.

Another peculiarity of the liquor business is that the consumption of rye whisky, the favorite tippie east of the Alleghenies and popular everywhere, is ten times as great as the output of distilleries that make whisky from rye only. Where the remaining nine-tenths comes from is known only to compounders, "blenders," and the dealers who purchase from these ingenious persons. Liquor is judged by its taste, not by its quality, and as the taste of pure rye whisky is generally disliked, the manipulators have a sufficient defense. Some of them who best please the drinking public sell a mixture of sweetened spirits and colored water, adding genuine whisky only as one of the several flavoring extracts. The greater the proportion of whisky the less popular the result; shall not a manufacturer try to please his patrons? The result is that at the bar the gentlemanly drinker with plenty of money in his pocket pays several times as much as the tramp for some form of counterfeit of the article asked for, and the oddest aspect of the subject is that the men who pay the highest prices are confident of their ability to distinguish between genuine liquor and imitations.

It cannot have escaped attention that the greater proportion of crimes against person and property are not committed in our cities, where dangerous characters are supposed to congregate, but in the supposedly respectable and safe rural districts. Our villages and farming districts have no lack of justices and constables, but the latter are too busily engaged in forwarding civil processes to pay any attention to possible evildoers, so criminals and other persons disposed to lawlessness have only their intended victims to fear. Fear of the police, even knowledge of the existence and duties of the police, keeps the bad element of the cities in order; in the country the constable is not feared until he has a warrant of arrest for a crime already committed. To introduce a new custom by law is slow work, but any community can afford protection such as some have gained by a small subscription per individual for the support of a sheriff's special deputy, who shall patrol roads and keep a watchful eye on suspicious characters. The Indiana lynching would not have occurred had the locality supported an officer whose sole duty would have been the running-down of thieves. Life and property are too precious to be at the mercy of our shiftless system of irresponsible sheriffs and constables.

There is to be no football contest between the United States military and naval cadets this year, and loud is the complaining of old-fogyism. It is due Colonel Ernst, the superintendent of the Military Academy, to say that he heartily approves of football as an exercise, and sees to it that the boys at West Point have plenty of it; but the difference between play on the Academy's grounds and a match game with the naval cadets is about as great as that between taking a glass of wine and filling up on whisky. Colonel Ernst says "the excitement of the match is unhealthful and passes all reasonable limits. It breaks up both institutions for at least a week at the time of the match, and during the three months' preparatory season it takes more time for practice than should reasonably be given to any sport." He might have gone further and ventured the opinion that it is contrary to the spirit and dignity of the nation, which supports both institutions, to set several hundred specially selected young men by the ears over a slugging match which would please the spectators quite as well if the contestants were professional bruisers.

Two canal projects almost as good as new are about ready to be inflicted upon Congress and the people. One is to cut a ship channel across Florida, and the other would unite the waters of Lakes Michigan and Erie by making a ditch across the State of Michigan. Each offers the benefits customary in such cases—hundreds of miles of distance saved and natural perils of shipping reduced, besides the risk of exposure, on portions of the present routes, to attack by powers with which we may at some time be at war. The cost is made as low as one could ask, while the projects remain on paper only; it would seem that the sum would scarcely pay for the right of way, but perhaps it is calculated that the farmers and villagers along either route would be glad to make a free gift of the necessary hundreds of thousands of acres of ground for the bliss of being in sight of a canal, although railroad companies desiring right of way are not accustomed to that kind of generosity. With what the government shall make the canals is not stated; perhaps with the deficit; any visionary plan seems good enough in a great canal project's early days.

A sign of improving business that is of great significance to business men is the steady decrease in the number and magnitude of failures of firms and individual dealers. Recent weekly reports by the commercial agencies that make a specialty of such records show a falling off of about one-third, as compared with the corresponding weeks of last year. This necessarily implies that collections of old bills as well as new ones has become easier, for the older bills have been the crippling influence of most business concerns.

We felt assured that California would not long remain silent while the Klondyke was trying to snatch away her golden crown. Some tremendous stories of gold discoveries have been coming from the Golden State during the last few weeks; a few have been pruned down by cold-blooded investigators with a mania for facts, but the greatest still retains its original proportions. It came from Humboldt County, and told of a ledge of quartz so rich that an assayer's certificate shows to the ton nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, three thousand in silver and more than a hundred dollars' worth of copper. By weight these metals amounted to so much that there remained only three hundred and thirty pounds of rock to the ton. This would seem scarcely enough to maintain a ledge in its rugged integrity, but perhaps nature in a prodigal mood had impregnated the rock with glue or ready-made cement; one must not be overcurious about the common details of gold discoveries. No early contradiction is to be expected in this particular case, for the lucky discoverers won't tell where the ledge is; if they fail to get money to develop it they ought to write fiction; for evidently they have the real stuff in them.

Down in Mexico they handle lynchings in a manner that American communities would do well to copy. A native who struck President Diaz in the face was arrested and afterward lynched. It was discovered that among the lynchings was the chief of police, but that official's position did not save him; he has been removed from office and is expecting worse punishment. His subordinates, who really committed the deed, are being ferreted out, and, despite public opinion, which seems to have approved of the crime, the case is being treated as if Mexico were the most law-abiding country in the world—which, by the way, is exactly what President Diaz is determined it shall be. Indiana's Governor—and several others—cannot afford to fall behind Mexico's record in the handling of lynchings.

We have been acquiring battleships and big cruisers with such pleasing frequency that the little gunboat "Helena," just accepted from the builders, receives scant mention. Nevertheless, the "Helena" is almost as large as the Confederate "Alabama," which drove American shipping from the seas; she has far more powerful engines, she steams faster, and her armament, although nominally lighter, is far more effective than the "Alabama's" was. Her speed, while far below that of the large cruisers, is greater than that of the majority of merchant vessels of any country. She is one more intimation that the United States can make a lot of trouble if sufficiently provoked.

Americans have a way of turning up in unexpected places, to disturb other people's calculations. It was an American who received the severest sentence imposed by the South African Republic for complicity in Jameson's raid, and the shadow of another American is looming up in a manner that should depress England's unseemly exultation at the expected early death of President Kruger. The Boers' Vice-President, who would assume control in case of Kruger's death, chances to be an American by birth, although of Dutch extraction, and as he had four years of fighting in this country and has been a soldier ever since he became a Boer there may be more fighting than talking when the administration changes. It would not be entirely pleasing to English sensibilities if the prospective South African President were to annex his country to the United States, but after the precedent set by Yankees in Hawaii there is no telling what Americans abroad may do when they come into power.

(This Serial will be completed in four installments, of which this is the second.)

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LORRAINE

A ROMANCE

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The King in Yellow," "The Red Republic," etc., etc.

DEDICATED TO GEORGE FRANCIS DONNELL TRASK

VII.

THE ROAD TO PARADISE.

THE road between Saint-Lys and Morteyn was not a military road, but it was firm and smooth, and Jack drove back again toward the chateau at a smart trot, flicking at leaves and twigs with Cecil's whip.

The sun had brushed the veil of rain from the horizon; the leaves, fresh and tender, stirred and sparkled with dew in the morning breeze; and all the air was sweet scented. In the stillness of the fields where wheat stretched along the road like a green river tinged with gold, there was something that troubled him. Silence is oppressive to sinners and prophets. He concluded he was the former and sighed restlessly, looking out across the fields, where deep in the stalks of the wheat blood-red poppies opened like raw wounds. At other times he had compared them to little fairy camp-fires, but his mood was pessimistic, and he saw in the furrows that the plow had raised the scars on the breast of a tortured earth, and he read sermons in bundles of fresh-out fagots, and death was written where a sickle lay beside a pile of grass, crisping to hay in the splendid sun of Lorraine.

What he did not see were the corn-flowers peeping at him with dewy blue eyes; the vineyards, where the fruit hung faintly touched with bloom; the field birds, the rosy-breasted finches, the thrush as speckled as her own eggs—no, nor did he hear them, for the silence that weighed his heart came from his heart, but all the summer wind was a thrill with harmony. Thousands of feathered throats swelled and bubbled melody, from the clouds to the feathery heath, from the scintillating azure in the zenith to the roots of the glittering wheat where the corn-flowers lay like bits of blue sky fallen to the earth.

As he drove he thought of Lorraine, of her love for her father, and her goodness. He already recognized that dominant passion in her, her fierce unselfish adoration of her father—a father who sat all day behind bolted doors trifling with metals and gases and little spinning noiseless wheels. The selfish to the unselfish, the dead to the living, the dwarf to the giant, and the sinner to the saint—this is the world and they that dwell therein.

He thought of her as he had seen her last, smiling up into the handsome bearded face that questioned her. No, the wound was nothing—a little blood lost—enough to make her faint at his feet—that was all. But his precious box was safe—and she had flung her loyal arms about the man who saved it and had kissed him before her father; because he had secured what was dearer to her than life—her father's happiness—a little metal box full of it.

Her father was very grateful and very solicitous about her wounded shoulder; but he opened his box before he thought about bandages. Everything was intact, except the conservatory window and his daughter's shoulder. Both could be mended—but his box, ah! that could never be replaced.

Jack's throat was hard and dry. A lump came into it and he swallowed with a half-shrug and flicked at a fly on the headstall. A vision of Sir Thorald bending over little Alixe came before his eyes. "Pah!" he muttered in disgust. Sir Thorald was one of those men who ceases to care for a woman when she begins to care for him. Jack knew it. That was why he had been so gentle with Molly Hesketh, who had turned his head when he was a boy and given him his first deep emotions—passion, hate—and then knowledge; for of all the deep emotions that a man shall know before he dies, the first consciousness of knowledge is the most profound, for it sounds the depths of heaven and hell in the space of time that the heart beats twice.

He was passing through the woods now: the splendid oak and beech woods of Lorraine. An ancient dame, bending her crooked back beneath a load of fagots, gave him "God bless you!" and he drew rein and returned the gift; but his was in silver with the head of his Imperial Majesty stamped on one side—God's guarantee of a nation's salvation.

As he drove, rabbits ran back into the woods, hoisting their white signals of conciliation. "Peace and good will," they seemed to read, "but a wise rabbit takes to the woods." Pheasants, too, stepped daintily from under the filbert-bushes, twisting their gorgeous necks curiously as he passed. Once, in the hollow of a gorge where a little stream trickled under layers of wet leaves, he saw a wild-boar standing, hook-deep in the ooze, rooting under mosses and rotten branches, absorbed in his rooting. Twice deer leaped from the young growth on the edge of the fields and bounded

lazily into denser cover, only to stop when half concealed and stare back at him with gentle, curious eyes. The horse pricked up his ears at such times and introduced a few waltz steps into his steady if monotonous repertory, but Jack let him have his fling, thinking that the deer were as tame as the horse and both were tamer than man.

Except for the black panther, man has learned his lesson slowest, the lesson of acquiescence in the inevitable.

"I'll never learn it," said Jack aloud. His voice startled him; it was trembling.

Lorraine! Lorraine! Life has begun for a very young man. Teach him to see and bring him to accept existence in the innocence of your knowledge; for, if he and the world collide, he fears the result—to the world.

A few moments later he drove into Paradise, which is known to some as the Chateau de Nesville.

VIII.

UNDER THE YOKER.

DURING the next two weeks Jack Marche drove into Paradise fourteen times, and fourteen times he drove out of Paradise, back to the Chateau de Morteyn. Heaven is nearer than people suppose: it was three miles from the road-shrine at Morteyn.

Our Lady of Morteyn, sculptured in the cold stone above the shrine, had looked with her wide stone eyes on many lovers, and had known they were lovers because their piety was as sudden as it was fervid.

Twice a day Jack's riding cap was reverently doffed as he drew bridle before the shrine, going and coming from Paradise.

At evening, too, when the old vicomte slept on his pillow and the last light went out in the stables, Our Lady of Morteyn saw a very young man sitting with his head in his hands at her feet; and he took no harm from the cold stones, because Our Lady of Morteyn is gentle and gracious and the summer nights were hot in the province of Lorraine.

There had been little stir or excitement in Morteyn. Even in Saint-Lys, where all day and all night the troop-trains rushed by, the cheers of the war-bound soldiers leaning from the flying cars were becoming monotonous in the ears of the sober villagers. When the long flat cars piled with cannon passed the people stared at the slender guns, mute, canvas-covered, tilted skyward. They stared, too, at the barred cars, rolling past in interminable trains, loaded with horses, and canvas-jacketed troopers who peered between the slats and shouted to the women in the street. Other trains came and went, trains weighted with bellowing cattle or huddled sheep, trains choked with small square boxes marked "Cartouches" or "Obus—7me"; trains piled high with grain or clothing or folded tents packed between varnished poles and piles of tin basins. Once a little excitement came to Saint-Lys when a battalion of red-legged infantry tramped into the village square and stacked rifles and jeered at the mayor, and drank many bottles of red wine to the health of the shy-eyed girls, peeping at them from every lattice. But they were only waiting for the next train, and when it came their bugles echoed from the bridge to the square, and they were gone—gone where the others had gone, laughing, singing, cheering from the car windows where the sun beat down on their red caps and set their buttons glittering like a million fireflies swarming.

The village life, the daily duties, the dull routine, from the vineyard to the grain-field, and from the étang to the forest, had not changed in Saint-Lys.

There might be war somewhere; it would never come to Saint-Lys. There might be death, yonder toward the Rhine—probably beyond it, far beyond it. What of it? Death comes to all—but it comes slowly in Saint-Lys; and the days are long, and one must eat to live, and there is much to be done between the rising and the setting of a peasant's sun.

There below in Paris were wise heads and many soldiers. They, in Paris, knew what to do, and the war might begin and end with nothing but a soiled newspaper in the Cafe Saint-Lys to show for it—as far as the people of Saint-Lys knew.

True, at the summons of the mayor, the National Guard of Saint-Lys mustered in the square, seven strong and a bugler. This was merely a display of force—it meant nothing—but let those across the Rhine beware!

The fierce little man with the gray mustache, who was named Tricasse and who commanded the Saint-Lys Pompiers, spoke gravely of Franco-corps, and drank too much eau-de-vie every evening. But these warlike ebullitions simmered away peacefully in the sunshine, and the tranquil current of life flowed as smoothly through Saint-Lys as the river Lisse itself, limpid, noiseless, under the village bridge.

Only one man had left the village, and that was Brun, the furtive-eyed young peasant, the sole representative in Saint-Lys of the conscript class of 1871. And he would never have gone had not a gendarme pulled him from under his mother's bed and hustled him on to the first Paris-bound train, which happened to be a cattle train, where Brun mingled his lamentations with the bleating of sheep and the desolate bellow of thirsty cows.

Jack Marche heard of these things, but saw little of

them. The great war wave rolling through the provinces toward the Rhine skirted them at Saint-Lys, and scarcely disturbed them. They heard that Douay was marching through the country somewhere; some said toward Wissembourg, some said toward Saarbrück. But these towns were names to the peasants of Saint-Lys—tant pis for the two towns! And General Douay; who was he? Probably a fat man in red breeches and polished boots, wearing a cocked hat and a cross on his breast. Anyway, they would chase the Prussians and kill a few, as they had chased the Russians in the Crimea, and the Italians in Rome, and the Kabyles in Oran. The result? Nothing but a few new colors for the ribbons in their sashes—their hair—like that pretty Magenta and Solferino and Sebastopol gray. Fichtre! Faut-il gaspiller tout de meme!—mais—la guerre comme la guerre!—which meant nothing in Saint-Lys.

It meant more to Jack Marche, riding one sultry afternoon through the woods, idly drumming on his spurred boots with a battered riding-crop.

It was his daily afternoon ride to the Chateau de Nesville; the shy wood creatures were beginning to know him, even the younger rabbits of the most recent generation sat up and mumbled their prehensile lips, watching him with large moist eyes. As for the red squirrels in the chestnut trees, and the dappled deer in the carrefours, and the sulky boars that bristled at him from the overgrown sentiers, they accepted him on condition that he kept to the road. And he did, head bent, thoughtful eyes fixed on his saddle-bow, drumming absently with his riding-crop on his spurred boots, his bridle loose on his horse's neck.

There was little to break the monotony of the ride: a sudden gush of song from a spotted thrush, the rustle of a pheasant in the brake, perhaps the modest greeting of a rare keeper patrolling his beat—nothing more. He went armed; he carried a long Colt's six-shooter in his holster, not because he feared for his own skin, but he thought it just as well to be ready in case of trouble at the Chateau de Nesville. However, he did not fear trouble again; the French armies were moving everywhere on the frontier, and the spies, of course, had long ago betaken themselves and their projects to the other bank of the Rhine.

The Marquis de Nesville himself felt perfectly secure, now that the attempt had been made and had failed.

He told Jack so on the few occasions when he descended from his room during the young fellow's visits. He made not the slightest objections to Jack's seeing Lorraine when and where he pleased, and this very ungallant behavior puzzled Jack until he began to comprehend the depths of the man's selfish absorption in his balloons. It was more than absorption, it was mania pure and simple, an absolute inability to see or hear or think or understand anything except his own devices in the little bolted chamber above.

Jack did him an injustice, however, in trying to estimate him justly. He did care for Lorraine in his own way, and when he remembered her existence—which was usually when he wanted something. Also it was true that he would not have allowed a Frenchman to visit Lorraine as he allowed Jack. He never had hated but two persons in all his life; one of these was Jack's uncle, the Vicomte de Morteyn. On the other hand, he admired him, too, because the vicomte, like himself, was a royalist and shunned the Tuileries as the devil shuns holy water. Therefore he was his equal, and he liked him because he could hate him without loss of self-respect. The reason he hated him was this: The Vicomte de Morteyn had pooh-poohed the balloons. That occurred years ago, but he never forgot it, and had never seen the old vicomte since. Whether or not Lorraine visited the old people at Morteyn he had neither time nor inclination to inquire into. He probably knew it and probably didn't care a papal centime.

This was the man, tall, gentle, clean-cut of limb and feature, and bearded like Jove—this was the man to whom Lorraine devoted her whole existence. Every heart-beat was for him, every thought, every prayer. And she was very devout.

This also was why she came to Jack so confidently and laid her white hands in his when he sprang from his saddle, his heart in flames of adoration.

He knew this: he knew that her undisguised pleasure in his company was, for her, only another link that welded her closer to her father. At night, often, when he had ridden back again, he thought of it and paled with resentment. At times he almost hated her father. He could have borne it easier if the Marquis de Nesville had been a loving father—even a tyrannically solicitous father; but to see such love thrown before a marble-faced man whose expression never changed except when speaking of his imbecile machines! "How can he! How can he!" muttered Jack, riding through the woods. His face was somber—almost stern; and always he beat the devil's tattoo on his boot with the battered riding-crop.

But now he came to the park gate, and the keeper touched his cap and smiled, and dragged the heavy grille back till it creaked on its hinges.

Lorraine came down the path to meet him; she had never before done that, and he brightened and sprang to the ground, radiant with happiness.

She had brought some sugar for the horse. The beautiful creature followed her, thrusting its soft satin

muzzle into her hand, ears pricked forward, wise eyes fixed on her.

"None for me?" asked Jack.
"Sugar?"

With a sudden gesture she held a lump out to him in the center of her pink palm.

Before she could withdraw the hand he had touched it with his lips, and, a little gravely, she withdrew it and walked on in silence by his side.

Her shoulder had healed, and she no longer wore the black silk support for her arm. She was dressed in black, and the effect of her glistening hair and blonde skin was dazzling. His eyes wandered from the white wrist, dainty and rounded, to the full curved neck—to the delicate throat and proud little head. Her body, supple as perfect Greek sculpture; her grace and gentle dignity; her innocence, sweet as the light in her blue eyes, set him dreaming again as he walked at her side, preoccupied, almost saddened, a little afraid that such happiness as was his should provoke the gods to end it.

He need not have taken thought for the gods—for the gods shall take thought for themselves; and they were already busy at Saarbruck. Their mills are not always slow in grinding; nor, on the other hand, are they always sure. They may have been ages ago, but now the gods are so out of date that saints and sinners have a chance.

They were in the lawn, skirted the tall wall of solid stone, separated the chase from the park, and, passing a gate at the hedge, came to a little stone bridge beneath which the Lisse ran dimpling. They watched the horse pursuing his own way tranquilly toward the stables, and when they saw a groom come out and lead him in they turned to each other, ready to begin another day of perfect contentment.

First of all he asked about her shoulder, and she told him truthfully that it was well. Then she inquired about the old Vicomte and Madame de Morteyn, and entrusted pretty little messages to him for them, which he, unlike most young men, usually remembered to deliver.

"My father," she said, "has not been to breakfast or dinner since day before yesterday. I should have been alarmed, but I listened at the door and heard him moving about with his machinery. I sent him some very nice things to eat. I don't know whether he liked them, for he sent no message back. Do you suppose he is hungry?"

"No," said Jack; "if he was he would say so." He was careful not to speak bitterly, and she noticed nothing.

"I believe," she said, "that he is about to make another ascension. He often stays a long time in his room, alone, before he is ready. Will it not be delightful? I shall perhaps be permitted to go up with him. Don't you wish you might go?"

"Yes," said Jack, with a little more earnestness than he intended.

"Oh! you do? If you are very good, perhaps—perhaps—but I dare not promise. If it were my balloon I would take you."

"Would you—really?"

"Of course—you know it. But it isn't my balloon, you know. After a moment she went on: 'I have been thinking all day how noble and good it is of my father to consecrate his life to a purpose that shall be of use to France. He will, if the next ascension proves that his discovery is beyond the chance of failure—he will notify the government and place his invention at their disposal. Monsieur Marche, when I think of his unselfish nobleness the tears come—I cannot help it.'"

"You, too, are noble," said Jack resentfully.

"If Oh, if you knew! I—I am actually wicked! Would you believe it, I sometimes think and think, and wish that my father could spend more time with me? With me!—a most silly and thoughtless girl, who would sacrifice the welfare of France to her own caprice. Think of it! I pray—very often—that I may learn to be unselfish; but I must be very, very bad, for I often cry myself to sleep. Am I not wicked?"

"Very," said Jack; but his smile faded, and there was a catch in his voice.

"You see," she said, with a gesture of despair, "even you notice it."

"Do you really wish to know what I do think—of you?" he asked in a curious voice.

It was on the tip of her tongue to say "Yes." She checked herself, lips apart, and her eyes became troubled.

There was something about Jack Marche that she had not been able to understand. It occupied her, it took up a good share of her attention; but she did not know where to begin to philosophize nor yet where to end. He was different from other men, that she understood. But where was that difference? In his clear brown eyes, sunny as brown streams in October?—in his serious young face?—in his mouth, clean-cut and slightly smiling, under his short crisp mustache, burned blonde by the sun? Where was the difference? In his voice?—in his gestures?—in the turn of his head?

Lorraine did not know; but as often as she gave the riddle up she recommenced it, idly sometimes, sometimes piqued that the solution seemed no nearer. Once—the evening she had met him after their first encounter in the forest carrefour—that evening on the terrace when she stood looking out into the dazzling

Lorraine moonlight—she felt that the solution of the riddle had been very near. But now, two weeks later, it seemed further off than ever. And yet this problem that occupied her so must surely be worth the solving. What was it, then, in Jack Marche that made him what he was? Gentle, sweet-tempered, a delightful companion—yes, a companion that she would not know how to do without.

And yet, at times, there came into his eyes and into his voice something that troubled her, she could not tell why; something that mystified and checked her, and set her thinking again on the old, old problem that had seemed so near solution that evening on the moonlit terrace.

That was why she started to say "Yes," to his question, and did not, but stood with scarlet lips half-parted and blue eyes troubled.

He looked at her in silence for a moment, then, with a half-impatient gesture, turned to the river.

"Shall we sit down on the moss?" she asked, vaguely conscious that his sympathies had, for a moment, lost touch with hers.

He followed her down the crooked footpath to the bank of the stream, and, when she had seated herself at the foot of a linden tree, he threw himself, chin on hand, at her feet.

They were silent. He picked up a faded bunch of blue corn-flowers that they had left there, forgotten, the day before. One by one he broke the blossoms from the stalks and tossed them into the water.

She, watching them floating away under the bridge, thought of the blue bits of paper—the telegram that she had torn up and tossed upon the water two weeks before. He was thinking of the same thing; for when she said, abruptly, "I should not have done that!" he knew what she meant and replied, "Such things are always your right—if you care to use it."

She laughed. "Then you believe still in the feudal system? I do not. I am a good republican."

"It is easy," he said, also laughing, "for a young lady with generations of counts and vicomtes behind her to be a republican. It is easier still for a man with generations of republicans behind him to turn royalist. It is the way of the world, mademoiselle."

"Then you shall say 'Long live the king!'" she said. "Say it this instant!"

"Long live—your king!"

"My king?"

"I'm his subject, if you are. I'll shout for no other king."

"Now whatever is he talking about?" thought Lorraine, and the suspicion of a cloud gathered in her clear eyes again, but was dissipated at once, when he said:

"I have answered the 'Herald's' telegram."

"What did you say?" she asked quickly.

"I accepted—"

"What?"

There was resentment in her voice. She felt that he had done something that was tacitly understood to be against her wishes. True, what difference did it make to her? None. She would lose a delightful companion. Suddenly something of the significance of such a loss came to her. It was not a revelation, scarcely an illumination, but she understood that if he went she should be lonely, yes, even unhappy. Then, too, unconsciously, she had assumed a mental attitude of interest in his movements, of partial proprietorship in his thoughts.

She felt vaguely that she had been overlooked in the decision he had made; that even if she had not been consulted, at least he might have told her what he intended to do. Lorraine was at a loss to understand herself. But she was easily understood. For two weeks her attitude had been that of every innocent, lovable girl when in the presence of a man whom she frankly cares for, and that attitude was one of mental proprietorship. Now, suddenly finding that his sympathies and ideas moved independently of her sympathies—that her mental influence, which existed until now unconsciously, was in reality no influence at all—she awoke to the fact that she perhaps counted for nothing with him. Therefore resentment appeared in the faintest of straight lines between her eyes.

"Do you care?" he asked carelessly.

"If Why, no."

If she had smiled at him and said yes he would have despaired; but she frowned a trifle and said no, and Jack's heart began to beat.

"I cabled them two words: 'Accept—provisionally,'" he said.

"Oh. What did you mean?"

"Provisionally, meant—with your consent."

"My—my consent?"

"Yes—if it is your pleasure."

Pleasure! Her sweet eyes answered what her lips withheld. Her little heart beat high. So then she did influence this cool young man, with his brown eyes faintly smiling, and his indolent limbs crossed on the moss at her feet. At the same moment her instinct told her to tighten her hold. This was so perfectly feminine, so instinctively human, that she had done it before she herself was aware of it. "I shall think it over," she said, looking at him gravely; "I may permit you to accept." So was accomplished the admitted subjugation of Jack Marche, a stroke of diplomacy on his part; and he passed under the yoke in such a man-

ner that even the blindest of maids could see that he was not vaulting over it instead.

Having openly and admittedly established her sovereignty, he was happy; so happy that she began to feel that perhaps the victory was not unshared by him.

"I shall think it over very seriously," she repeated, watching his laughing eyes; "I am not sure that I shall permit you to go."

"I only wish to go as a special, not a regular, correspondent. I wish to be at liberty to roam about and sketch or write what I please. I think my material will always be found in your vicinity."

Her heart fluttered a little. This surprised her so much that her cheeks grew suddenly warm and pink. A little confused, she said what she did not dream of saying: "You won't go very far away, will you?" And before she could modify her speech he had answered impetuously:

"Never—until you send me away!"

A mottled thrush on the top of the linden tree surveyed the scene curiously. She had never seen such a pitifully embarrassed young couple in all her life. It was different in thrushdom.

Lorraine's first impulse was to go away and close several doors and sit down, very still, and think. Her next impulse was to stay and see what Jack would do. He seemed to be embarrassed, too; he fidgeted, and tossed twigs and pebbles into the river. She felt that she, who already admittedly was arbiter of his goings and comings, should do something to relieve this uneasy and strained situation. So she folded her hands on her black dress and said: "There is something I have been wishing to tell you for two weeks; but I did not, because I was not sure that I was right, and I did not wish to trouble you unnecessarily. Now, perhaps, you would be willing to share the trouble with me. Would you?"

Before the eager answer came to his lips she continued hastily: "The man who made maps—the man whom you struck in the carrefour—is the same man who ran away with the box. I know it."

"That spy? That tall, square-shouldered fellow with the pink skin and little pale pinkish eyes?"

"Yes. I know his name, too." Jack sat up on the moss and listened anxiously. "His name is Von Steyr—Siurd von Steyr. It was written in pencil on the back of one map. The morning after the assault on the house, when they thought I was ill in bed, I got up and dressed, and went down to examine the road where you caught the man and saved my father's little steel box. There I found a strip of cloth torn from your evening coat, and—oh, Monsieur Marche—I found the great flat stone with which he tried to crush you just as my father fired from the wall!"

The sudden memory, the thought of what might have happened, came to her in a flash for the first time. She looked at him; her hands were in his before she could understand why.

"Go on," he whispered.

Her eyes met his half-fearfully; she withdrew her fingers with a nervous movement and sat silent.

"Tell me," he urged, and took one of her hands again. She did not withdraw it—she seemed confused; and presently he dropped her hand and sat waiting for her to speak, his chin on his hand, his heart beating furiously.

"There is not much more to tell," she said at last, in a voice that seemed not quite under control. "I followed the broken bushes and his footmarks along the river until I came to a stone where I think he sat down. He was bleeding, too—my father shot him—and he tore bits of paper and cloth to cover the wound; he even tore up another map. I found part of it—with his name on the back again—not all of it, though, but enough. Here it is."

She handed him a bit of paper. On one side were the fragments of a map in water-color; on the other, written in German script, he read: "Siurd von St—." The rest of the name was missing, with the missing fragments of the drawing.

"It's enough to prove it," said Jack. "What a plucky girl you are, anyway!"

"If You don't think so—do you?"

"You are the bravest, sweetest—"

"Dear me! You must not say that! You are sadly uneducated, and I see I must take you under my control at once. Man is born to obey! I have decided about your answer to the 'Herald's' telegram."

"May I know the result?" he asked laughingly.

"To-morrow. There is a brook-lily on the border of the sedge grass. You may bring it to me."

So began the education of Jack Marche—under the yoke. And Lorraine's education began, too; but she was sublimely unconscious of that fact.

This also is a law in the world: *Et nunc erudimini—dura lex, sed lex!*

De te fabula narratur.

IX.

SAARBRUCK.

ON the first day of August, late in the afternoon, a peasant driving an exhausted horse pulled up at the Chateau Morteyn, where Jack Marche stood on the terrace, smoking and cutting at leaves with his riding-crop.

"What's the matter, Passerat," asked Jack good-humoredly; "are the Prussians in the valley?"

"You are right, Monsieur Marehe; the Prussians have crossed the Saar!" blurted out the man. His face was agitated, and he wiped the sweat from his cheeks with the sleeve of his blouse.

"Nonsense!" said Jack sharply.

"Monsieur—I saw them! They chased me—the Uhlans with their spears and devilish yellow horses."

"Where?" demanded Jack, with an incredulous shrug.

"I had been to Forbach, where my cousin Passerat is a miner in the coal mines. This morning I left to drive to Saint-Lys, having in my wagon these sacks of coal that my cousin Passerat procured for me, à prix réduit. It would take all day. I did not care—I had bread and red wine—you understand, my cousin Passerat and I—we had been gay in St.-Amand, too—dame! we see each other seldom. I may have had more eau-de-vie than another—it is permitted on fête days! Monsieur, I was tired—I possibly slept—the road was hot. Then something awakes me; I rub my eyes; behold me awake!—staring dumfounded. At what? Parbleu! at two ugly Uhlans sitting on their yellow horses on a hill! 'No! no!' I cry to myself; 'it is impossible! It is a bad dream!' Dieu de Dieu! It is no dream! My Uhlans come galloping down the hill; I hear them bawling 'Halt! Wer da!' It is terrible! 'Passerat!' I shriek, 'it is the hour to vanish!'"

The man paused, overcome by emotions and eau-de-vie.

"Well," said Jack, "go on."

"And—I am here, monsieur," ended the peasant lazily.

"Passerat, you said you had taken much eau-de-vie?"

suggested Jack, with a smile of encouragement.

"Much? Monsieur, you do not believe me?"

"I believe you had a dream."

"Bon," said the peasant, "I want no more such dreams."

"Are you going to inform the mayor of Saint-Lys?" asked Jack.

"Of course," muttered Passerat, gathering up his reins. "Heu! Da-da! heu! cocotte! en route!" and he rattled sulkily away, perhaps a little uncertain himself as to the concreteness of his recent vision.

Jack looked after him.

"There might be something in it," he mused; "but, dear me!—his nose is unpleasantly—sunburned."

That same morning Lorraine had announced her decision. It was that Jack might accept the position of special, or rather occasional war correspondent for the New York "Herald," if he would promise not to remain absent for more than a day at a time. This, Jack thought, practically nullified the consent; for what in the world could a man see of the campaign under such circumstances? Still he did not object—he was too happy.

"However," he thought, "I might ride over to Saarbrück; suppose I should be on hand at the first battle or the war?"

As a mere lad he had already seen service with the Austrians at Sadowa; he had risked his modest head more than once in the murderous province of Oran, where General Chanzy scoured the hot plains like a scourge of Allah.

He had lived, too, at headquarters and shared the officers' mess where "cherba," "tadjines," "Kous-Kous," and "méchoin" formed the menu, and a "Kreima Kebira" served as his roof. He had done his duty as correspondent merely because it was his duty. He would have preferred an easier assignment; for he took no pleasure in cruelty and death, and the never-to-be-forgotten agony of proud dark faces, where mud-stained turbans hung in ribbons and tinsel saddles reeked with Arab horses' blood.

War correspondent? It had happened to be his calling; but the accident of his profession had been none of his own seeking. Now that he needed nothing in the way of recompense, he hesitated to take it up again. Instinctive loyalty to his old newspaper was all that had induced him to entertain the idea. Loyalty and deference to Lorraine compelled him to modify his acceptance. Therefore, it was not entirely idle curiosity, but partly a sense of obligation, that made him think of riding to Saarbrück to see what he could see for his journal—within the twenty-four-hour limit that Lorraine had set.

It was too late to ride over that evening and return in time to keep his word to Lorraine, so he decided to start at daybreak, realizing at the same time, with a pang, that it meant not seeing Lorraine all day.

He went up to his chamber and sat down to think. He would write a note to Lorraine; he had never done such a thing, and he hoped she might not find fault with him.

He tossed his riding-crop on to the desk, picked up a pen and wrote carefully, ending the single page with: "It is reported that Uhlans have been encountered in the direction of Saarbrück, and, although I do not believe it, I shall go there to-morrow and see for myself. I will be back within the twelve hours. May I ride over to tell you about these mythical Uhlans when I return?"

He called a groom and bade him drive to the Chateau de Nesville with the note. Then he went down to sit

with the old Vicomte and Madame de Morteyn until it came dinner-time, and the oil lamps in the gilded salon were lighted and the candles blazed up on either side of the gilt French clock.

After dinner he played chess with his uncle until the old man fell asleep in the chair. There was an interval of silence.

"Jack," said his aunt, "you are a dear good boy. Tell me—do you love our little Lorraine?"

The suddenness of the question struck him dumb. His aunt smiled; her faded eyes were very tender and kindly, and she laid both frail hands on his shoulders.

"It is my wish," she said in a low voice, "remember that, Jack. Now go and walk on the terrace, for she will surely answer your note."

"How—how did you know I wrote her?" he stammered.

"When a young man sends his aunt's servants on such very unorthodox errands, what can he expect—especially when those servants are faithful?"

"That groom told you, Aunt Helen?"

"Yes, Jack, these French servants don't comprehend such things. Be more careful, for Lorraine's sake."

"But—I will—but did the note reach her?"

His aunt smiled.

"Yes. I took the responsibility upon myself and there will be no gossip."

Jack leaned over and kissed the amused mouth, and the old lady gave him a little hug, and told him to go and walk on the terrace.

The groom was already there, holding a note in one hand, gilt-banded cap in the other.

His first letter from Lorraine! He opened it feverishly. In the middle of a thin sheet of note-paper was written the motto of the De Nesvilles:

"Tiens ta Foy."

Beneath, in a girlish hand, a single line: "I shall wait for you at dusk.—LORRAINE."

All night long, as he lay half asleep on his pillow, the words repeated themselves in his drowsy brain: "Tiens ta Foy! Tiens ta Foy!—Keep thy Faith!" Ay, he would keep it unto death; he knew it even in his slumber. But he did not know how near to death that faith might lead him.

The wood-sparrows were chirping outside his window when he awoke. It was scarcely dawn, but he heard the maid knocking at his door, and the rattle of silver and china announced the morning coffee.

He stepped from his bed into the tub of cold water, yawning and shivering, but the pallor of his skin soon gave place to a healthy glow, and his clean-cut body and strong young limbs hardened and grew pink and firm again under the coarse towel.

Breakfast he ate hastily by candlelight, sitting on the edge of the disordered bed; and presently he dressed, buckled his spurs over the insteps, caught up gloves, cap and riding crop, and, slinging a field-glass over his Norfolk jacket, lighted a pipe and went noiselessly downstairs.

There was a chill in the gray dawn as he mounted and rode out through the shadowy portals of the wrought-iron grille; a vapor, floating like loose cobwebs, undulated above the placid river, the treetops were festooned with mist. Save for the distant chatter of wood-sparrows, stirring under the eaves of the chateau, the stillness was profound.

As he left the park and trotted into, the broad red highway he turned in his saddle and looked toward the Chateau de Nesville. At first he could not see it; but, as he rode over the bridge, he caught a glimpse of the pointed roof and single turret, a dim silhouette through the mist. Then it vanished in a film of fog.

The road to Saarbrück was a military road and easy traveling. The character of the country had changed as suddenly as a drop-scene falls in a theater; for now, all around stretched fields cut into squares by hedges—fields deep laden with heavy fruited strawberries, white and crimson. Currants, too, glowed like strung rubies frosted with the dew; plum trees spread little pale shadows across the ruddy earth, and beyond them the disk of the sun appeared, pushing upward behind a half-plowed hill. Everywhere slender fruit trees spread their grafted branches, everywhere in the crumbling furrows of the soil, warm as ocher, the bunched strawberries hung like drops of red wine under the sun-bronzed leaves.

The sun was an hour high when he walked his horse up the last hill that hides the valley of the Saar. Already, through the constant rushing melody of bird-music, his ears had distinguished another sound—a low, incessant hum, monotonous, interminable as the noise of a stream in a gorge. It was not the river Saar moving over its bed of sand and yellow pebbles; it was not the breeze in the furze. He knew what it was; he had heard it before, in Oran—in the stillness of dawn where, below among the shadowy plains, an army was awaking under its dim tents.

And now his horse's head rose up black against the sky; now the valley broke into view below, gray, indistinct in the shadows, crossed by ghostly lines of poplars that dwindled away to the horizon.

At the same instant something moved in the fields to the left and a shrill voice called: "Qui vive!" Before he could draw bridle blue-jacketed cavalymen were riding at either stirrup, carbine on thigh, peering curi-

ously into his face, pushing their active light-bay horses close to his big black horse.

Jack laughed good-humoredly and fumbled in the breast of his Norfolk jacket for his papers.

"I'm only a special," he said. "I think you'll find the papers in order; if not, you've only to gallop back to the Chateau Morteyn to verify them."

An officer, with a bewildering series of silver arabesques on either sleeve, guided a nervous horse through the throng of troopers, returned Jack's pleasant salute, reached out a gloved hand for his papers, and read them, sitting silently in his saddle. When he finished he removed the cigarette from between his lips, looked eagerly at Jack, and said:

"You are from Morteyn?"

"Yes."

"A guest?"

"The Vicomte de Morteyn is my uncle."

The officer burst into a boyish laugh.

"Jack Marche!"

"Eh!" cried Jack, startled.

Then he looked more closely at the young officer before him, who was laughing in his face.

"Well, upon my word! No—it can't be little Georges Carrière!"

"Yes, it can!" cried the other briskly. "None of your damned airs, Jack! Embrace me, my son!"

"My son! I won't!" said Jack, leaning forward joyously. "The idea! Little Georges calls me his son! And he's learning the paternal tricks of the old generals, and doubtless he calls his troopers 'mes enfants,' and—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Georges, giving him an impetuous hug. "What are you up to now—more war correspondence? For the same old 'Herald'? Nom d'une pipe! It's cooler here than in Oran. It'll be hotter, too—in another way," with a gay gesture toward the valley below. "Jack Marche, tell me all about everything."

On either side the blue-jacketed troopers fell back, grinning with sympathy as Georges guided his horse into a field on the right, motioning Jack to follow.

"We can talk here a bit," he said; "you've lots of time to ride on. Now, fire ahead."

Jack told him of the three years spent in idleness, of the rapid life in Paris, the long summers in Brittany, his desire to learn to paint and his despair when he found he couldn't.

"I can sketch like the mischief, though," he said. "Now tell me about Oran, and our dear General Chanzy, and that devil's own 'Legion' and the Hell's Selected Second Zouaves! Do you remember that day at Damas when Chanzy visited the Emir Abd-el-Kader at Doummar—and the fifteen Spahis of the escort—and that little imp of the Legion who was caught roaming around the harem—and—"

Georges burst into a laugh.

"I can't answer all that in a second. Wait. Do you want to know about Chanzy? Well, he's still in Bel-Abbès, and he's been named Commander of the Legion of Honor, and he's no end of a swell. He'll be coming back now that we've got to chase these sausage-eaters across the Rhine. Look at me! You used to say that I'd stopped growing and could never aspire to a moustache. Now look! Eh? Five feet eleven and—what do you think of my moustache? Oh, that African sun sets things growing! I'm lieutenant, too."

"Does the African sun also influence your growth in the line of promotion?" asked Jack, grinning.

"Same old farceur, too!" mused Georges. "Now what the mischief are you doing here? Oh—you are staying at Morteyn."

"Yes."

"I—er—I used to visit another house—er—near by. You know the Marquis de Nesville?" asked Georges innocently.

"I? Oh, yes."

"You have—perhaps you have met Mademoiselle de Nesville?"

"Yes," said Jack shortly.

"Oh. I also have met her."

There was a silence. Jack shuffled his booted toes in his stirrups; Georges looked out across the valley.

In the valley the vapors were rising, and behind the curtain of shredded mist the landscape lay, hilly, nearly treeless, cut by winding roads and rank on rank of spare poplars. Further away clumps of woods appeared, and little hillocks, and now, as the air cleared, the spire of a church glimmered. Suddenly a thin line of silver cut the landscape beyond the retreating fog. The Saar!

"Where are the Prussians?" asked Jack, breaking the silence.

Georges laid his gloved hand on his companion's arm:

"Do you see that spire? That is Saarbrück. They are there."

"This side of the Rhine, too?"

"Yes," said Georges, reddening a little. "Wait, my friend."

"They must have crossed the Saar on the bridges from St. Johann then. I heard that Uhlans had been signaled near the Saar, but I didn't believe it. Uhlans in France? Georges, when are you fellows going to chase them back?"

"This morning; you're just in time, as usual," said Georges airily. "Do you want me to give you an idea of our positions? Listen, then. We're massed along the frontier from Sierk and Metz to Hagenau and

Strasbourg. The Prussians lie at right angles to us, from Mainz to Lauterburg and from Trier to Saarbrück. Except near Saarbrück any are on their side of the boundary, let me tell you! Look! Now you can see Forbach through the trees. We're there, and we're at St. Avold and Bitsch and Saargemund, too. As for me, I'm with this damned rearguard, and I count tents and tin pails, and I raise the devil with the laggards, and generally ennui myself. I'm no gendarme! There's a regiment of gendarmes five miles north, and I don't see why they can't do depot duty, and police this God-forsaken country."

"The same child—kicking, kicking, kicking!" observed Jack. "You ought to thank your luck that you are a spectator for once. Give me your glass."

He raised the binoculars and leveled them at the valley.

"Hello! I didn't see those troops before! Infantry, eh? And there goes a regiment—no, a brigade—no, a division, at least, of cavalry. I see cuirassiers, too. Good heavens! their breastplates take the sun like heliographs! There are troops everywhere; there's an artillery train on that road beyond St. Avold. Here, take the glasses."

"Keep them. I know where they are. What time is it, Jack? My repeater is running wild—as if it were chasing Prussians."

"It's half-past nine. I had no idea that it was so late! Ha! There goes a mass of infantry along the hill. See it? They're headed for Saarbrück! Georges, what's that big marquee in the wheat-field?"

"The Emperor is there," said Georges proudly; "those troops are the cuirassiers of the Hundred Guards. See their white mantles? The Prince Imperial is there, too. Poor little man! He looks so tired and bewildered."

Jack kept his glasses fixed on the white dot that marked the imperial headquarters, but the air was hazy and the distance too great to see anything but specks and points of white and black slowly shifting, gathering, and collecting again in the grain-field that looked like a tiny square of pale gilt on the hilltop.

Suddenly a spot of white vapor appeared over the spire of Saarbrück, then another, then three together, little round clouds that hung motionless, wavered, split, and disappeared in the sunshine only to be followed by more round cloud clots. A moment later the dull mutter of cannon disturbed the morning air, distant rumblings and faint shocks that seemed to come from an infinite distance.

Jack handed back the binoculars and opened his own field-glasses in silence. Neither spoke, but they instinctively leaned forward, side by side, sweeping the panorama with slow, methodical movements, glasses firmly leveled. And now, in the valley below, the long roads grew black with moving columns of cavalry and artillery; the fields on either side were alive with infantry, dim red square and oblongs, creeping across the landscape toward that line of silver, the Saar.

"It's a flank movement on Weissenbourg," said Jack suddenly; "or are they swinging around to take St. Johann from the north?"

"Watch Saarbrück!" muttered Georges between his teeth.

The slow seconds crept into minutes, the minutes into hours as they sat there, fascinated. Already the sharper rattle of musketry broke out on the hills south of the Saar, and the projectiles fell fast in the little river, beyond which the single spire of Saarbrück rose, capped with the vapor of exploding shells.

Jack sat sketching in a canvas-covered book, raising his brown eyes from time to time, or writing on a pad laid flat on his saddle pommel.

The two young fellows conversed in low tones, laughing quietly or smoking in absorbed silence, and even their subdued voices were louder than the roll of the distant cannonade.

Suddenly the wind changed, and their ears were filled with the hollow boom of cannon. And now, nearer than they could have believed, the crash of volley-firing mingled with the whirring crackle of Gatlings and the spattering rattle of Montigny mitrailleuses from the Guard artillery.

"Fichtrel!" said Georges, with a shrug; "not only dancing, but music! What are you sketching, Jack? Let me see. Hm! Pretty good—for you. You've got Forbach too near, though. I wonder what the Emperor is doing. It seems too bad to drag that sick child of his out to see a lot of men fall over dead. Poor little Lulu!"

"Kicking, kicking, ever!" murmured Jack. "The same fierce republican, eh? I've no sympathy with you. I'm too American."

"Cheap cynicism," observed Georges. "Hello! here's an aid-de-camp with orders. Wait a second, will you?" and the young fellow gathered bridle and galloped out into the high road, where his troopers stood around an officer wearing the black and scarlet of the artillery. A moment later a bugle began to sound the assembly. Blue-clad cavalymen appeared as by magic from every thicket, every field, every hollow, while below, in the nearer valley, another bugle, shrill and fantastic, summoned the squadrons to the colors. Already the better part of a regiment had gathered, four abreast, along the red road. Jack could see their eagles now, gilt and circled with gilded wreaths.

He pocketed sketch-book and pad, and turned his horse out through the fields to the road.

"We're off!" laughed Georges, "thank God! and the devil take the rearguard! Will you ride with us, Jack? We've driven the Prussians across the Saar."

He turned to his troopers and signaled the trumpeter. "Trot!" he cried; and the squadron of Hussars moved off down the hill in a whirl of dust and flying pebbles. Jack wheeled his horse and brought him alongside of Georges' wiry mount.

"It didn't last long—eh, old chap?" laughed the youthful Hussar; "only from ten o'clock till noon—eh? It's not quite noon yet. We're to join the regiment, but where we're going after that I don't know. They say the Prussians have quitted Saarbrück in a hurry. I suppose we'll be in Germany to-night; and then—vian! vian! eh, old fellow? We'll be out for a long campaign. I'd like to see Berlin. I wish I spoke German."

"They say," said Jack, "that most of the German officers speak French."

"Bird of ill omen—croaker—cease! What the devil do we want to learn German for? I can say 'Wein, weib, und gesang,' and that's enough for any French Hussar to know."

They had come up with the whole regiment now, which was moving slowly down the valley, and Georges reported to his captain, who in turn reported to the major, who presently had a confab with the colonel. Then far away at the head of the column the mounted band began the regimental march—a gay air with plenty of trombone and kettle-drum in it; and the horses ambled and danced in sympathy with an accompaniment of rattling carbines and clinking, clashing saber-scabards.

"Quelle Farandole!" laughed Georges. "Are you coming all the way to Berlin with us? Pst! Look! There go the Cent Gardes! The Emperor is coming back from the front. It's all over with the sausage-eaters, et puis—bon soir, Bismarck!"

Far away across the hills the white mantles of the Hundred Guards flashed in the sunshine, rising, falling, as the horses plunged up the hills. For a moment Jack caught a glimpse of a carriage in the distance—a carriage preceded by outriders in crimson and gold, and followed by a mass of glittering cuirassiers.

"It's the Emperor. Listen, we are going to cheer," cried Georges. He rose in his saddle and drew his saber, and at the same instant a deep roar shook the regiment to its center:

"Vive l'Empereur!"

X.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

It was a little after noon when the regiment halted on the St. Avold highway, blocked in front by a train of Guard artillery and on either flank by columns of infantry—voltigeurs, red-legged fantassins loaded with camp equipment, engineers in crimson and bluish black, and a whole battalion of Turcos, scarlet fez rakishly hauled down over one ear, canvas zouave trousers tucked into canvas leggings that fitted their finely molded ankles like gloves.

Jack rested patiently on his horse, waiting for the road to be cleared, and beside him sat Georges, chatting paternally with the giant standard-bearer of the Turcos. The huge fellow laughed and showed his dazzling teeth under the crisp jet beard, for Georges was talking to him in his native tongue—and it was many miles from St. Avold to Oran. His standard, ornamented with the "opened hand and spread fingers," fluttered and snapped and stood out straight in the valley breeze.

"What's that advertisement—the hand of Providence?" cried an impudent line soldier, leaning on his musket.

"Is it the hand that spanked Bismarck?" yelled another. The Turcos grinned under their scarlet head-dresses.

"Ohé Mustapha!" shouted the line soldiers. "Ohé le Croissant!"—and their landmaster, laughing, raised his tasseled baton, and the band burst out in a roll of drums and cymbals, "Partant pour la Syrie."

"Petite rifa!" said the big standard-bearer, beaming, which was very good French for a Kabyle.

"See here, Georges," said Jack suddenly, "I've promised to be back at Morteyn before dark, and if your regiment is going to stick here much longer I'm going on."

"You want to send your dispatches?" asked Georges. "You could ride on to Saarbrück and telegraph from there. Will you? Then hunt up the regiment later. We are to see a little of each other, are we not, old fellow?"

"Not if you're going Prussian hunting across the Rhine. When you come back crowned with bay and laurel and pretzels you can stop at Morteyn."

They nodded and clasped hands.

"Au revoir," laughed Georges. "What shall I bring you from Berlin?"

"I'm no Herod," replied Jack; "bring back your own feather-head safely—that's all I ask." And with a smile and a gay salute the young fellows parted, turning occasionally in their saddles to wave a last adieu, until Jack's big horse disappeared among the dense platoons ahead.

For a quarter of an hour he sidled and pushed and shoved and picked a cautious path through section after

section of field artillery, seeing here and there an officer whom he knew, saluting cheerily, making a thousand excuses for his haste to the good-natured artillerymen who only grinned in reply. As he rode he noted with misgivings that the cannon were not breech-loaders. He had recently heard a good deal about the Prussian new model for field artillery, and he had read in the French journals reports of their wonderful range and flat trajectory. The cannon that he passed, with the exception of the Montigny mitrailleuses and the American Gatlings, were all beautiful pieces, bronzed and engraved with crown and L.N. and eagle, but for all their beauty they were only muzzle-loaders.

In a little while he came to the head of the column. The road in front seemed to be clear enough, and he wondered why they had halted, blocking half a division of infantry and cavalry behind them. There really was no reason at all. He did not know it, but he had seen the first case of that indescribable disease that raged in France in 1870-71—that malady that cannot be termed paralysis, or apathy, or inertia. It was all three, and it was malignant; for it came from a b-fouled and degraded court, spread to the government, infected the provinces, sparing neither prince nor peasant, until over the whole fair land of France it crept and hung, a fetid miasmic effluvia till the nation, hopeless, weary, despairing, bereft of nerve and sinew, sank under it into utter physical and moral annihilation.

This was the terrible fever that burned the best blood out of the nation—a fever that had its inception in the corruption of the Empire, its crisis at Sedan, its delirium in the Commune! The Nation's convalescence is slow but sure.

Jack touched spurs to his horse and galloped out into the Saarbrück road. He passed a heavy, fat-necked general, sitting on his horse, his dull, apoplectic eyes following the gestures of a staff officer who was tracing routes and railroads on a map nailed against a poplar tree. He passed other generals, deep in consultation, absently rolling cigarettes between their kid-gloved fingers; and everywhere dragon patrols, gallant troopers in blue and garance, wearing steel helmets bound with leopard-skin above the vizors. He passed ambulances, too, blue vehicles covered with framed yellow canvas, flying the red cross. One of the field surgeons gave him a brief outline of the casualties and general result of the battle, and he thanked him and hastened on toward Saarbrück, whence he expected to send his dispatches to Paris. But now the road was again choked with marching infantry as far as the eye could see, dense masses, pushing along in an eddy cloud of red dust that blew to the east and hung across the fields like smoke from a locomotive. Men with stretchers were passing, too; he saw an officer, face white as chalk and sunburned hands clinched, lying in a canvas hand-stretcher, borne by four men of the hospital corps. Edging his way to the meadow, he put his horse to the ditch, cleared it, and galloped on toward a spire that rose close ahead, outlined dimly in the smoke and dust; and in ten minutes he was in Saarbrück.

Up a stony street, desolate, deserted, lined with rows of closed machine shops, he passed, and out into another street where a regiment of lancers were defiling amid a confusion of shouts and shrill commands. The racket of drums echoing from wall to pavement, and the ear-splitting flourish of cymbals, mingled with the heavy rumble of artillery and the cracking of leather thongs. Already the pontoons were beginning to span the river Saar, already the engineers were swarming over the three ruined bridges, jackets cast aside, picks rising and falling, clink! clank! clink! clank! and the scrape of mortar and trowel on the granite grew into an incessant sound, harsh and discordant. The market square was impassable; infantry gorged every foot of the stony pavement, ambulances creaked through the throng, rolling like white ships in a tempest, signals set.

In the mass of faces around him he recognized the correspondent of the London "Times."

"Hello, Williams!" he called; "where the devil is the telegraph?"

The Englishman, red in the face and dripping with perspiration, waved his hand spasmodically.

"The military are using it; you'll have to wait until four o'clock. Are you with us in this scrimmage? The fellows are down by the Hotel Post trying to mend the wires there. Archibald Grahame is with the Germans."

Jack turned in his saddle with a friendly gesture of thanks and adieu. If he was going to send his dispatch he had no time to waste in Saarbrück; he understood that at a glance. For a moment he thought of going to the Hotel Post and taking his chances with his brother-correspondents; then, abruptly wheeling his horse, he trotted out into the long shed that formed one of an interminable series of coal shelters, passed through it, gained the outer street, touched up his horse, and tore away, headed straight for Forbach. For he had decided that at Forbach was his chance to beat the other correspondents and he took the chance, knowing that in case the telegraph there was also occupied he could still get back to Morteyn and from there to Saint-Lys before the others had wired to their respective journals.

It was three o'clock when he clattered into the single street of Forbach amid the blowing of bugles from a cuirassier regiment that was just leaving at a trot. The streets were thronged with gendarmes and cavalry of

all arms, lancers in baggy scarlet trousers and clumsy schapkas weighted with gold cord, chasseurs à cheval in turquoise blue and silver, dragoons, spahis, remount-troopers, and here and there a huge rider of the Hundred Guards, glittering like a scaled dragon in his splendid armor.

He pushed his way past the hotel and Post and into the garden, where, at a table, an old general sat reading letters.

With a hasty glance at him, Jack bowed and asked permission to take the unoccupied chair and use the table. The officer inclined his head with a peculiarly graceful movement, and, without more ado, Jack sat down, placed his pad flat on the table and wrote his dispatch in pencil:

"FORNACH, 2d August, 1870."

"The first shot of the war was fired this morning at ten o'clock. At that hour the French opened on Saarbrück with twenty-three pieces of artillery. The bombardment continued until twelve. At two o'clock the Germans, having evacuated Saarbrück, retreated across the Saar to St. Johann. The latter village is also now being evacuated; the French are pushing across the Saar by means of pontoons; the three bridges are also being rapidly repaired.

"Reports vary, but it is probable that the losses on the German side will number four officers and seventy-nine men killed; wounded unknown. The French lost six officers and eighty men killed; wounded list not completed.

"The Emperor was present with the Prince Imperial."

Leaving his pad on the table and his riding-crop and gloves over it, he gathered up the loose leaves of his telegram and hastened across the street to the telegraph office. For the moment the instrument was idle and the operator took his dispatch, read it aloud to the censor, an officer of artillery, who vised it and nodded.

"A longer dispatch is to follow. Can I have the wires again in half an hour?" asked Jack.

Both operator and censor laughed, and said: "No promises, monsieur; come and see!" and Jack hastened back to the garden of the hotel and sat down once more under the trees, scarcely glancing at the old officer beside him. Again he wrote:

"The truth is that the whole affair was scarcely more than a skirmish. A handful of the Second Battalion of Fusiliers, a squadron or two of Uhlans, and a battery of Prussian artillery have for days faced and held in check a whole French division. When they were attacked they tranquilly turned a bold front to the French, made a devil of a racket with their cannon, and slipped across the frontier with trifling loss. If the French are going to celebrate this as a victory, Europe will laugh—"

He paused, frowning and biting his pencil. Presently he noticed that several troopers of the Hundred Guards were watching him from the street. Sentinels of the same corps were patrolling the garden, too, their long bayoneted carbines over their steel-bound shoulders. At the same moment his eyes fell upon the old officer beside him. The officer raised his head.

It was the Emperor, Napoleon III.

XI.

KEEP THY FAITH.

JACK was startled, and he instinctively sat up very straight, which he always did when surprised.

Under the crimson képi, heavy with gold, the old eyes, half closed, peered at him, as a drowsy buzzard watches the sky with filmy, changeless gaze. His face was the color of clay, the loose folds of his cheeks hung pallid over a heavy chin; his lips were hidden beneath a mustache and imperial, unkempt but waxed at the ends. From the shadow of his crimson cap the hair straggled forward, half hiding two large wrinkled yellow ears.

With a smile and a slight gesture exquisitely courteous the Emperor said: "Pray do not allow me to interrupt you, monsieur; old soldiers are of small account when a nation's newspapers wait."

"Sire—" protested Jack, flushing.

Napoleon III.'s eyes twinkled, and he picked up his letter again, still smiling.

"Such good news, monsieur, should not be kept waiting. You are English? No? Then American? Oh."

The Emperor rolled a cigarette, gazing into vacancy with dreamy eyes, narrow as slits in a mask. Jack sat, pencil in hand, a little flustered and uncertain.

The Emperor struck a wax match on a gold match-box, leaning his elbow on the table to steady his shaking hand. Presently he slowly crossed one baggy red trouser-knee over the other and, blowing a cloud of cigarette-smoke into the sunshine, said: "I suppose your dispatch will arrive considerably in advance of the telegrams of the other correspondents who seem to be blocked in Saarbrück."

He glanced obliquely at Jack, grave and impassable.

"I trust so, sire," said Jack seriously.

The Emperor laughed outright, crumpled the letter in his gloved hand, tossed the cigarette away, and rose painfully, leaning for support on the table.

Jack rose, too.

"Monsieur," said Napoleon playfully, as though attempting to conceal intense physical suffering, "I am in search of a motto—for reasons; I shall have a regiment or two carry 'Saarbrück' on their colors. What motto should they also carry?"

Jack spoke before he intended it—he never knew why: "Sire, the only motto I know is this, 'Tiens ta Foy!'"

The Man of December turned his narrow eyes on him. Then, bowing with the dignity and grace that he, of all living monarchs, possessed, the Emperor passed slowly through the garden and entered the little hotel, the clash of presented carbines ringing in the still air behind him.

Jack sat down, considerably exercised in his mind, thinking of what he had said. The splendid old crusader's motto, "Keep thy Faith," was scarcely the motto to suggest to the man of the coup-d'état—the man of Rome—the man of Mexico. The very bones of Victor Noir would twist in their coffin at the words; and the lungs of that other Victor—the one named Hugo—would swell and expand until the bellowing voice rang like a Jersey fog-siren over the channel, over the ocean, till the seven seas vibrated and the four winds swept it to the four ends of the earth.

Very soberly he finished his dispatch, picked up his gloves and crop, and again walked over to the telegraph station.

The censor read the penciled scrawl, smiled, drew a red pencil through some of it, smiled again, and said: "I trust it will not inconvenience monsieur too much."

"Not at all," said Jack pleasantly.

He had not expected to get it all through, and he bowed and thanked the censor, and went out to where his horse stood, cropping the tender leaves of a spreading chestnut tree.

It was three o'clock by his watch when he trotted out into the Morteyn road, now entirely deserted except by a peasant or two, staring, under their inverted hands, at the distant spire of Saarbrück.

Far away in the valley he caught glimpses of troops, glancing at times over his shoulder, but the distant squares and columns on hillside and road seemed to be motionless. Already the thin glimmering line of the Saar had faded from view; the afternoon haze hung blue on every hillside, the woods were purple and vague as streaks of cloud at evening.

He passed St. Avold far to the south—too far to see anything of the division that lay encamped there; and presently he turned into the river road that follows the Saar until the great highway to Metz cuts it at an acute angle. From this cross-road he could see the railway where a line of freight cars drawn by a puffing locomotive was passing—cars of all colors marked on one end "Elsass-Lothringen," on the other "Alsace-Lorraine."

He had brought with him a slice of bread and a flask of Moselle, and, as he had had no time to eat since day-break, he gravely began munching away, drinking now and then from his flask, and absently eying the road ahead.

He thought of Lorraine and of his promise. If only all promises were as easily kept! He had plenty of time to reach Morteyn before dark, taking it at an easy canter, so he let his horse walk up the hills while he swallowed his bread and wine, and mused on war and love and emperors.

He had been riding in this abstracted study for some time, and had lighted a pipe to aid his dreams, when, from a hillside ahead, he caught a glimpse of something that sparkled in the afternoon sunshine, and he rose in his saddle and looked to see what it might be. After a moment he made out five mounted troopers, moving about on the crest of the hill, the sun slanting on stirrup metal and lance tip. As he was about to resume his meditations something about these lancers caught his eye—something that did not seem quite right; he couldn't tell what. Of course they were French lancers—they could be nothing else, here in the rear of the army—but still they were rather odd-looking lancers, after all.

The eyes of a mariner and the eyes of a soldier—or of a man who foregoeth with soldiers—are quick to detect strange rigging. Therefore, Jack unsung his glasses and leveled them on the group of mounted men, who were now moving toward him at an easy lope, their tall lances, butts and stirrups swinging free from the armlopes, their horses' manes tossing in the hill breezes.

The next moment he seized his bridle, drove both spurs into his horse and plunged ahead, dropping pipe and flask in the road unheeded. At the same time a hoarse shout came quivering across the fields—a shout as harsh and sinister as the menacing cry of a hawk; but he dashed on, raising a whirlwind of red dust. Now he could see them plainly enough, their slim boots, their yellow facings and reverses, the shiny little helmets with the square tops like inverted goblets, the steel lances from which black and white pennons streamed.

They were Uhlans!

For a minute it was a question in his mind whether or not they would be able to cut him out. A ditch in the meadow halted them for a second or two, but they took it like chamois and came cantering up toward the high road, shouting hoarsely and brandishing their lances.

It was true that, being a non-combatant and a foreigner with a passport, and, furthermore, an accredited newspaper correspondent, he had nothing to fear except perhaps a tedious detention and a long-winded explanation. But it was not that. He had promised to be at Morteyn by night, and now, if these Uhlans caught him, and marched him off to their main post, he would certainly spend one night at least in the woods or fields. A sudden anger, almost a fury, seized him that these men should interfere with his promise; that they should in any way influence his own free going and coming; and he struck his horse with the riding-crop and clattered on along the highway.

"Halt!" shouted a voice in German; "halt! or we fire!" and again in French: "Halt! We shall fire!"

They were not far from the road now, but he saw that he could pass them easily.

"Halt! Halt!" they shouted, breathless.

Instinctively he ducked, and at the same moment, piff! piff! their revolvers began, and two bullets sang past near enough to make his ears tingle.

Then they settled down to outride him. He heard their scurry and jingle behind, and for a minute or two they held their own; but little by little he forged ahead, and they began to shoot at him from their saddles. One of them, however, had not wasted time in shooting. Jack heard him, always behind, and now he seemed to be drawing nearer, steadily but slowly closing up the gap between them.

Jack glanced back. There he was, a big, blonde, bony Uhlán, lance couched, clattering up the hill; but the others had already halted far behind, watching the race from the bottom of the incline.

"Tiens ta Foy!" he muttered to himself, digging both spurs into his horse. "I'll not prove faithless to her first request—not if I know it. Good Lord! how near that Uhlán is!"

Again he glanced behind, hesitated, and finally shouted: "Go back! I am no soldier! Go back!"

"I'll show you!" bellowed the Uhlán. "Stop your horse, or when I catch you—"

"Go back!" cried Jack angrily; "go back, or I'll fire!" and he whipped out his long Colt's and shook it above his head.

With a derisive yell the Uhlán banged away, once, twice, three times, and the bullets buzzed around Jack's ears till they sang. He swung around, crimson with fury, and raised the heavy six-shooter.

"By God!" he shouted, "then take it yourself!" and he fired one shot, standing up in his stirrups to steady his aim.

He heard a cry, he saw a horse rear straight up through the dust. There was a gleam of yellow, a flash of a falling lance, a groan. Then, as he galloped on, pale and tight-lipped, a riderless horse thundered along behind him, mane tossing in the whirling dust.

With a sudden impulse Jack drew bridle and wheeled his trembling mount—the riderless horse tore past him—and he trotted soberly back to the dusty heap in the road. It may have merely been the impulse to see what he had done, it may have been a nobler impulse, for Jack dismounted and bent over the fallen man. Then he raised him in his arms by the shoulders, and drew him toward the roadside. The Uhlán was heavy; his spurs dragged in the dust. Very gently Jack propped him up against a poplar tree, looked for a moment at the wound in his head, and then ran for his horse. It was high time, too; the other Uhlans came racing and tearing uphill, halloing like Cossacks, and he vaulted into his saddle and again set spurs to his horse.

Now it was a ride for life. He understood it thoroughly, and settled down to it, bending low in the saddle, bridle in one hand, revolver in the other. And as he rode his sobered thoughts dwelt now on Lorraine, now on the great lank Uhlán, lying stricken in the red dust of the highway. He seemed to see him yet, blonde, dusty, the sweat in beads on his blanched cheeks, the crimson furrow in his colorless scalp. He had seen, too, the padded yellow shoulder-knots bearing the regimental number "11," and he knew that he had shot a trooper of the Eleventh Uhlans, and that the Eleventh Uhlán Regiment was Ricker's regiment. He set his teeth and stared fearfully over his shoulder. The pursuit had ceased. The Uhlans, dismounted, were gathered about the tree under which their comrade lay gasping. Jack brought his horse to a gallop, to a canter, and finally to a trot. The horse was not winded, but it trembled, and reeked with sweat and lather.

Beyond him lay the forest of La Bruine, red in the slanting rays of the sinking sun. Beyond this the road swung into the Morteyn road that lay cool and moist along the willows that bordered the river Lisse.

The sun glided behind the woods as he reached the bridge that crosses the Lisse, and the evening glow on feathery willow and dusty alder turned stem and leaf to shimmering rose.

It was six o'clock, and he knew that he could keep his word to Lorraine. And now, too, he began to feel the fatigue of the day and the strain of the last two hours. In his excitement he had not noticed that two bullets had passed through his jacket, one close to the pocket, one ripping the gun-pads at the collar. The horse, too, was bleeding from the shoulder, where a long raw streak traced the flight of a grazing ball.

His face was pale and serious when, at evening, he rode into the porte-cochère of the Chateau de Nesville and dismounted stiffly. He was sore, fatigued, and covered with dust from cap to spur; his eyes, heavily ringed but bright, roamed restlessly from window to porch.

"I've kept my faith," he muttered to himself—"I've kept my faith anyway." But now he began to understand what might follow if he, a foreigner and a non-combatant, was ever caught by the Eleventh Regiment of Uhlans. It sickened him when he thought of what he had done. He could find no excuse for himself, not even the shots that had come singing about his ears. Who was he, a neutral foreigner, that he should shoot down a brave cavalryman who was simply following instructions? His promise to Lorraine? Was that sufficient excuse for taking human life? Puzzled, weary, and profoundly sad, he stood thinking, undecided what to do. He knew that he had not killed the Uhlan outright; but whether or not the soldier could recover he was uncertain. He, who had seen the horrors of naked, gaping wounds at Sadowa; he who had seen the pitiable sights of Oran, where Chanzy and his troops had swept the land in a whirlwind of flame and sword; he, this same cool young fellow, could not contemplate that dusty figure in the red road without a shudder of self-accusation—yes, of self-disgust. He told himself that he had fired too quickly; that he had fired in anger, not in self-protection. He felt sure that he could have outridden the Uhlan in the end. Perhaps he was too severe on himself; he had not thought of the fusillade at his back, his coat torn by two bullets, the raw furrow on his horse's shoulder. He only asked himself whether, to keep his promise, he was justified in what he had done, and he felt that he had acted hastily and in anger, and that he was a very poor specimen of young man. It was just as well, perhaps, that he thought so; the sentiment under the circumstances was not unhealthy. Moreover, he knew in his heart that, under any conditions, he would place his duty to Lorraine first of all. So he was puzzled and tired and unhappy when Lorraine, her arms full of brook-lilies, came down the gravel drive, and said: "You have kept your faith; you shall wear a lily for me. Will you?"

He could not meet her eyes; he could scarcely reply to her shy questions.

When she saw the wounded horse she grieved over its smarting shoulder and insisted on stabling it herself.

"Wait for me," she said. "I insist. You must find a glass of wine for yourself and go with old Pierre and dust your clothes. Then come back. I shall be in the arbor."

He looked after her until she entered the stables, leading the exhausted horse with a tenderness that touched him profoundly. Nervous tears sparkled in the corners of his eyes and dried in the next second. He felt so mean, so contemptible, so utterly beneath the notice of this child who stood grieving over his wounded horse.

A dusty and dirty and perspiring man is at a disadvantage with himself. His misdemeanors assume exaggerated proportions, especially when he is confronted with a girl in a cool gown that is perfumed by blossoms, pure and spotless and fragrant as the young breast that crushes them.

So when he had found old Pierre, and had followed him to a bathroom, the water that washed the stains from brow and wrist seemed also to purify the stain that is popularly supposed to resist earthly ablutions. A clean body and a clean conscience is not a proverb, but—there are perhaps worse maxims in the world.

When he dried his face and looked into a mirror, his sins had dwindled a bit; when Pierre dusted his clothes and polished his spurs and boots, life assumed a brighter aspect. Fatigue, too, came to dull that busybody, that tireless gossiping gadabout, conscience. Fatigue and remorse are enemies; slumber and the white flag of sleep stand truce between them.

"Pierre," he said, "get a dogcart; I am going to drive to Morteyn. You will find me in the arbor on the lawn. Is the marquis visible?"

"No, Monsieur Jack, he is still locked up in the turret."

"And the balloon?"

"Dame! Je n'en sais rien, monsieur."

So Jack walked downstairs and out through the porch to the lawn, where he saw Lorraine already seated in the arbor, placing the long-stemmed lilies in gilded bowls.

"It will be dark soon," he said, stepping up beside her. "Thank you for being good to my horse. Is it more than a scratch?"

"No, it is nothing. The horse shall stand in our stable until to-morrow. Are you very tired? Sit beside me. Do you care to tell me anything of what you did?"

"Do you care to know?"

"Of course," she said.

So he told her; not all, however—not of that ride and the chase and the shots from the saddle. But he spoke of the Emperor and the distant battle that had seemed like a scene in a painted landscape. He told her, too, of Georges Carrière.

"Why, I know him," she said, brightening with pleasure. "He is charming, isn't he?"

"Why, yes," said Jack; but for all he tried his voice sounded coldly.

"Don't you think so?" asked Lorraine, opening her blue eyes.

Again he tried to speak warmly of the friend he was really fond of, and again he felt that he had failed. Why? He would not ask himself, but he knew. This shamed him, and he began an elaborate eulogy on poor Georges, conscientious, self-effacing, but very, very unsatisfactory.

The maid beside him listened demurely. She also knew things that she hadn't known a week ago. That possibly is why, like a little bird stretching its new wings, she also tried her own resources, innocently, timidly. And the torment of Jack began.

"Monsieur Marche, do you think that Lieutenant Carrière may come to Morteyn?"

"He said he would. I—er—I hope he will. Don't you?"

"I? Oh, yes. When will he come?"

"I don't know," said Jack sulkily.

"Oh. I thought you were very fond of him and that of course you would know when—"

"Nobody knows. If he's gone with the army into Germany it is impossible to say when the war will end." Then he made a silly, boorish observation, which was: "I hope for your sake he will come soon."

Oh, but he was ashamed of it now! The groom in the stable yonder would have had better tact. Truly it takes a man of gentle breeding to demonstrate what under-breeding really can be. If Lorraine was shocked she did not show it. A maid, unloved, unloving, pardons nothing; a maid with a lover invests herself with all powers and prerogatives; and the greatest of these is the power to pardon. It is not only a power, it is a need, a desire, an imperative necessity to pardon much in him that loves much. This may be only because she also understands. Pardon and doubt repel each other. So Lorraine, having grown wise in a week—at least wise enough to pardon—did so mentally. Outwardly it was otherwise, and Jack was aware that the atmosphere was uncomfortably charged with lightning. It gleamed a moment in her eyes, ere her lips opened.

"Take your dogcart and go back to Morteyn," said Lorraine quietly.

"Let me stay; I am ashamed," he said, turning red.

"No. I do not wish to see you again, for a long, long time—forever."

Her head was bent, and her fingers were busy among the lilies in the gilded bowl.

"Do you send me away?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you are more than rude."

"I am ashamed. Forgive me."

"No."

She glanced up at him from her drooping lashes. She had pardoned him long ago.

"No," she repeated, "I cannot forgive."

"Lorraine—"

"There is the dogcart," she whispered, almost breathlessly. So he said good-night and went away.

She stood on the dim lawn, her arms full of blossoms, listening to the sound of the wheels until they died away beyond the park gate.

She had turned whiter than the lilies at her breast. This was because she was still very young and not quite as wise as some maidens.

For the same reason she left her warm bed that night to creep through the garden and slip into the stable, and lay her tear-stained cheeks on the neck of Jack's horse.

XII.

FROM THE FRONTIER.

DURING the next three days, for the first time since he had known her, he did not go to see Lorraine. How he stood it, how he ever dragged through those miserable hours, he himself never could understand.

The wide sculptured eyes of Our Lady of Morteyn above the shrine seemed to soften when he crept there to sit at her feet and stare at nothing, chin on hand. It was not tears, but dew, that gathered under the stone lids; for the night had grown suddenly hot and everything lay moist in the starlight. Night changed to midnight, and midnight to dawn, and dawn to another day, cloudless, pitiless; and Jack awoke again, and his waking thought was of Lorraine.

All day long he sat with the old vicomte, reading to him when he wished, playing interminable games of chess, sick at heart with a longing that almost amounted to anger. He could not tell his aunt. As far as that went, the wise old lady had divined that their first trouble had come to them in all the appalling and exaggerated proportions that such troubles assume; but she smiled gently to herself, for she, too, had been young, and the ways of lovers had been her ways, and the paths of love she had trodden, and she had drained love's cup at bitter springs.

That night she came to his bedside and kissed him, saying: "To-morrow you shall carry my love and my thanks to Lorraine for her care of the horse."

"I can't," muttered Jack.

"Pooh!" said Madame de Morteyn, and closed the bedroom door; and Jack slept better that night.

It was ten o'clock the next morning before he ap-

peared at breakfast; and it was plain, even to the thrush on the lawn outside, that he had bestowed an elaboration upon his toilet that suggested either a duel or a wedding.

Madame de Morteyn hid her face, for she could not repress the smile that tormented her sweet mouth. Even the vicomte said: "Oh! You're not off for Paris, Jack, are you?"

After breakfast he wandered moodily out to the terrace, where his aunt found him half an hour later, mooning and contemplating his spotless gloves.

"Then you are not going to ride over to the Chateau de Nesville?" she asked, fearful of laughing.

"Oh!" he said, with affected surprise, "did you wish me to go to the chateau?"

"Yes, Jack, dear—if you are not too much occupied." She could not repress the mischievous accent on the "too." "Are you going to drive?"

"No, I shall walk—unless you are in a hurry."

"No more than you are, dear," she said gravely.

He looked at her with sudden suspicion, but she was not smiling.

"Very well," he said gloomily.

About eleven o'clock he had sauntered half the distance down the forest road that leads to the Chateau de Nesville. His heart seemed to tug and tug and tug him forward; his legs refused obedience; he sulked. But the fresh smell of loam and moss and aromatic leaves, the music of the Lisse on the pebbles, the joyous chorus of feathered creatures from every thicket, soothed him a little; anyway enough for him to take an interest in the antics of the giddy young rabbits that scuttled through the warrens, leaping, tumbling, sitting up, lop-eared and impudent, or diving head first into their burrows.

Under the stems of a thorn thicket two cock pheasants were having a difference, and were enthusiastically settling that difference in the approved method of game-cocks. He lingered to see which might win, but a misstep and a sudden crack of a dry twig startled them, and they withdrew like two stately but indignant old gentlemen who had been subjected to uncalled-for importunities.

Presently he felt cheerful enough to smoke, and he searched in every pocket for his pipe. Then he remembered that he had dropped it when he dropped his silver flask, there in the road where he had first been startled by the Uhlans.

This train of thought depressed him again, but he resolutely put it from his mind, lighted a cigarette, and moved on.

Just ahead, around the bend in the path, lay the grass-grown carrefour where he had first seen Lorraine. He thought of her as he remembered her then, flushed, indignant, blocking the path while the map-making spy sneered in her face and crowded past her, still sneering. He thought, too, of her scarlet skirt, and the little velvet bodice and the silver chains. He thought of her heavy hair, disheveled, glimmering in her eyes. At the same moment he turned the corner; the carrefour lay before him, overgrown, silent, deserted. A sudden tenderness filled his heart—ah, how we love those whom we have protected!—and he stood for a moment in the sunshine with bowed head, living over the episode that he could never forget. Every word, every gesture, the shape of the very folds in her skirt, he remembered; yes, and the little triangular tear, the broken silver chain, the ripped bodice!

And she, in her innocence, had promised to see him there at the river bank below. He had never gone because that very night she had come to Morteyn, and since then he had seen her every day at her own home.

As he stood he could hear the river Lisse, whispering, calling him. He would go—just to see the hidden rendezvous, for old love's sake; it was a step from the path, no more.

Then that strange instinct, that sudden certainty that comes at times to all, seized him, and he knew that Lorraine was there by the river; he knew it as surely as though he saw her before him.

And she was there, standing by the still water, silver chains drooping over the velvet bodice, scarlet skirt hanging brilliant and heavy as a drooping poppy in the sun.

"Dear me," she said, very calmly, "I thought you had quite forgotten me. Why have you not been to the chateau, Monsieur Marche?"

And this after she had told him to go away and not to return! Wise in the little busy ways of the world of men, he was uneducated in the ways of a maid.

Therefore he was speechless.

"And now," she said, with the air of an early Christian tete-a-tete with Nero—"and now you do not speak to me? Why?"

"Because," he blurted out, "I thought you did not care to have me!"

Surprise, sorrow, grief, gave place to pity in her eyes.

"What a silly man!" she observed. "I am going to sit down on the moss. Are you expecting to call upon my father? He is still in the turret. If you can spare a moment I will tell you what he is doing."

Yes, he had a moment to spare; not many moments, to be sure—he hoped she would understand that!—but he had one or two little ones at her disposal.

She read this in his affected hesitation. She would

make him pay dearly for it. Vengeance should be hers!

He stood a moment, eying the water as though it had done him personal injury. Then he sat down.

"The balloon is almost ready, steering gear and all," she said. "I saw papa yesterday for a moment. I tried to get him to stay with me, but he could not."

She looked wistfully across the river and touched the silver chains on her breast.

Jack watched her. His heart ached for her, and he bent nearer.

"Forgive me for causing you any unhappiness," he said. "Will you?"

"Yes."

Oh! where was her vengeance now? She was above it.

"These four days have been the most wretched days to me—the most unhappy I have ever lived," he said. The emotion in his voice brought the soft color to her face. She did not answer; she would have if she had wished to check him.

"I will never again, as long as I live, give you one moment's displeasure." He was going to say "pain," but he dared not.

Still she was silent, her idle white fingers clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the river. Little by little the color deepened in her cheeks. It was when she felt them burning that she spoke, nervously, scarcely comprehending her own words: "I—I also was unhappy—I was silly; we both are very silly—don't you think so? We are such good friends that it seems absurd to quarrel as we have. I have forgotten everything that was unpleasant; it was so little that I could not remember if I tried! Could you? I am very happy now. I am going to listen while you amuse me with stories." She curled up against a tree and smiled at him—at the love in his eyes which she dared not read, which she dared not acknowledge to herself. It was there plain enough for a willful maid to see; it burned under his sun-tanned cheeks, it softened the firm lips. A thrill of contentment passed through her. She was satisfied; the world was kind again.

He lay at her feet, pulling blades of grass from the bank and idly biting the whitened stems. The voice of the Lisse was in his ears; he breathed the sweet wood perfume, and he saw the sunlight wrinkle and crinkle the surface ripples where the water washed through the sedges, and the long grasses quivered and bent with the glittering current.

"Tell you stories?" he asked again.

"Yes; stories that never have really happened, but that should have happened."

"Then listen. There was once—many, many years ago—a maid and a man—"

Good gracious! but that story is as old as life itself. He did not realize it; nor did she. It seemed new to them.

The sun of noon was moving toward the west when they remembered that they were hungry.

"You shall come home and lunch with me. Will you? Perhaps papa may be there, too," she said. This hope, always renewed with every dawn, always fading with the night, lived eternal in her breast—this hope that one day she should have her father, always.

"Will you come?" she asked shyly.

"Yes. Do you know it will be our first luncheon together?"

"Oh, but you brought me an ice at the dance that evening. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, but that was not a supper. I mean a supper together, with a table between us, and—you know what I mean."

"I don't," she said, smiling dreamily; so he knew that she did.

They hurried a little on the way to the chateau, and he laughed at her appetite which made her laugh, too, only she pretended not to like it.

At the porch she left him, to change her gown, and slipped away upstairs, while he found old Pierre, and was dusted and fussed over until he couldn't stand it another moment. Luckily he heard Lorraine calling her maid on the porch, and he went to her at once.

"Papa says you may lunch here; I spoke to him through the keyhole. It is all ready. Will you come?"

A serious-minded maid served them with salad and thin bread and butter.

"Tea!" exclaimed Jack.

"Isn't that very American?" asked Lorraine timidly.

"I thought you might like it; I understood that all Americans drank tea."

"They do," he said gravely. "It is a terrible habit—a national vice—but they do."

"Now you are laughing at me!" she cried. "Félice, please to remove that tea! No, no, I won't leave it—and you can suffer if you wish. And to think that I—"

They were both laughing so that the maid's face grew more serious, and she removed the teapot as though she were bearing some strange and poisonous creature to a deserved doom.

As they sat opposite each other, smiling, a little flurried at finding themselves alone at table together, but eating with the appetites of very young lovers, the warm summer wind, blowing through the open windows, bore to their ears the songs of forest birds. It bore another sound, too. Jack had heard it for the last two hours—or had imagined he heard it—a low, mo-

notonous vibration, now almost distinct, now lost, now again apparent but too vague, too indefinite to be anything but the faint stir of that summer harmony which comes from distant breezes, distant movements, mingling with the stir of drowsy field insects, half torpid in the heat of noon.

Still it was always there, and now, turning his ear to the window, he laid down knife and fork to listen.

"I have also noticed it," said Lorraine, answering his unasked question.

"Do you hear it now?"

"Yes; more distinctly now."

A few moments later Jack lay back in his chair and listened again.

"Yes," said Lorraine, "it seems to come nearer. What is it?"

"It comes from the southeast. I don't know," he answered.

They rose and walked to the window. She was so near that he breathed the subtle fragrance of her hair, the fresh sweetness of her white gown that rustled beside him.

"Hark!" whispered Lorraine. "I can almost hear voices in the breezes—the murmur of voices as if millions of tiny people were calling us from the ends and outer edges of the earth."

"There is a throbbing, too. Do you notice it?"

"Yes; like one's heart at night. Ah! now it comes nearer—oh, nearer! nearer! Oh, what can it be?"

He knew it now; he knew that indefinable battle rumor that steals into the senses long before it is really audible. It is not a sound, not even a vibration; it is an immense foreboding that weights the air with prophecy.

"From the south and east," he repeated; "from the Landesgrenze."

"The frontier?"

"Yes. Hark!"

"I hear."

"From the frontier," he said again; "from the river Lauter and from Weissembourg."

"What is it?" she whispered, close beside him.

"Cannon!"

Yes, it was cannon—they knew it now—cannon throbbing, throbbing, throbbing along the horizon where the crags of the Geisberg echoed the dull thunder and shook it far out across the vineyards of Weissembourg; where the heights of Kapsweyer, resounding, hurled back the echoes to the mountains in the north.

"Why—why does it seem to come nearer?" asked Lorraine.

"Nearer?" He knew it had come nearer, but how could he tell her what it meant?

"It is a battle, is it not?" she asked again.

"Yes, a battle."

She said nothing more, but stood leaning against the wall, her white forehead pressed against the edge of the raised window-sash. Outside the little birds had grown suddenly silent; there was a stillness that comes before a rain; the leaves on the shrubbery scarcely moved.

And now, nearer and nearer swelled the rumor of battle, undulating, quivering over forest and hill, and the muttering of the cannon grew to a rumble that jarred the air.

As currents in the upper atmosphere shift and settle north, south, east, west, so the tide of sound wavered and drifted and set westward, flowing nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, until the hoarse crashing tumult, still vague and distant, was cut by the sharper notes of single cannon that spoke out, suddenly impetuous in the dull din.

The whole chateau was awake now; maids, grooms, valets, gardeners, and keepers were gathering outside the iron grille of the park, whispering together and looking out across the fields.

There was nothing to see except pastures and woods and low rounded hills crowned with vineyards. Nothing more, except a single strangely shaped cloud, somber, slender at the base, but spreading at the top like a palm.

"I am going up to speak to your father," said Jack carelessly. "May I?"

Interrupt her father! Lorraine fairly gasped.

"Stay here," he added, with the faintest touch of authority in his tone; and, before she could protest, he had sped away up the staircase and again round and round the long circular stairs that led to the single turret.

A little out of breath, he knocked at the door which faced the top step. There was no answer. He rapped again, impatiently. A voice startled him: "Lorraine, I am busy!"

"Open," called Jack; "I must see you!"

"I am busy!" replied the marquis. Irritation and surprise were in his tones.

"Open!" called Jack again; "there is no time to lose!"

Suddenly the door was jerked back, and the marquis appeared, pale, handsome, his eyes cold and blue as icebergs.

"Monsieur Marche—" he began almost discourteously.

"Pardon," interrupted Jack, "I am going into your room. I wish to look out of that turret window. Come also; you must know what to expect."

Astonished, almost angry, the Marquis de Nesville followed him to the turret window.

"Oh!" said Jack softly, staring out into the sunshine, "it is time, is it not, that we knew what was going on along the frontier? Look there!"

On the horizon vast shapeless clouds lay piled, gigantic coils and masses of vapor, dark, ominous, illuminated by faint pallid lights that played under them incessantly, and over all towered one tall column of smoke, spreading above like an enormous palm tree. But this was not all. The vast panorama of hill and valley and plain, cut by roads that undulated like narrow satin ribbons on a brocaded surface, was covered with moving objects, swarming, inundating the landscape. To the south a green hill grew black with the human tide, to the north long lines and oblongs and squares moved across the land, slowly, almost imperceptibly; but they were moving, always moving east.

"It is an army coming," said the marquis.

"It is a rout," said Jack quietly.

The marquis moved suddenly as though to avoid a blow.

"What troops are those?" he asked, after a silence.

"It is the French army," replied Jack. "Have you not heard the cannonade?"

"No; my machines make some noise when I'm working. I hear it now. What is that cloud—a fire?"

"It is the battle cloud."

"And the smoke on the horizon?"

"The smoke from the guns. They are fighting beyond Saarbruck; yes, beyond Palsburg and Wörth—they are fighting beyond the Lauter."

"Weissembourg?"

"I think so. They are nearer now. Monsieur de Nesville, the battle has gone against the French."

"How do you know?" demanded the marquis harshly.

"I have seen battles. One need only listen and look at the army yonder. They will pass Morteyn; I think they will pass for miles through the country. It looks to me like a retreat toward Metz, but I am not sure. The throngs of troops below are fugitives—not the regular geometrical figures that you see to the north. Those are regiments and divisions moving toward the west in good order."

The two men stepped back into the room and instinctively faced each other.

"After the rain the flood, after the rout the invasion," said Jack firmly. "You cannot know it too quickly. You know it now, and you can make your plans."

He was thinking of Lorraine's safety when he spoke, but the marquis turned instinctively to a mass of machinery and chemical paraphernalia behind him.

"You will have your hands full," said Jack, repressing an angry sneer. "If you wish, my Aunt de Morteyn will charge herself with Mademoiselle de Nesville's safety."

"True, Lorraine might go to Morteyn," murmured the marquis absently, examining a smoky retort half filled with a silvery heap of dust.

"Then, may I drive her over after dinner?"

"Yes," replied the other indifferently.

Jack started toward the door, hesitated, and turned around.

"Your inventions are not safe, of course, if the German army comes. Do you need my help?"

"My inventions are my own affair," said the marquis angrily.

Jack flushed scarlet, swung on his heels, and marched out of the room and down the stairs. On the lower steps he met Lorraine's maid, and told her briefly to pack her mistress's trunks for a visit to Morteyn.

Lorraine was waiting for him at the window where he had left her—a scared, uncertain little maid, in truth.

"The battle is very near, isn't it?" she asked.

"No, miles away yet."

"Did you speak with papa? Did he send word to me? Does he want me?"

He found it hard to tell her what message her father had sent, but he did.

"I am to go to Morteyn? Oh, I cannot! I cannot! Papa will be alone here!" she said aghast.

"Perhaps you had better see him," he said, almost bitterly.

She hurried away up the stairs. He heard her little eager feet on the stone steps that led to the turret; climbing up, up, up, until the sound was lost in the upper stories of the house. He went out to the stables and ordered the dogcart, and a wagon for her trunks. He did not fear that this order might be premature, for he thought he had not misjudged the Marquis de Nesville. And he had not; for, before the cart was ready, Lorraine, silent, pale, tearless, came noiselessly down the stairs, holding her little cloak over one arm.

"I am to stay a week," she said; "he does not want me." She added hastily: "He is so busy and worried, and there is much to be done; and if the Prussians should come he must hide the balloon and the box of plans and formulæ—"

"I know," said Jack tenderly. "It will lift a weight from his mind when he knows you are safe with my aunt."

"He is so good; he thinks only of my safety," faltered Lorraine.

"Come," said Jack, in a voice that sounded husky. "the horse is waiting; I am to drive you. Your maid

will follow with the trunks this evening. Are you ready? Give me your cloak—there, now are you ready?"

"Yes."

He aided her to mount the dogcart; her light touch was on his arm. He turned to the groom at the horse's head, sprang to the seat, and nodded. Lorraine leaned back and looked up at the turret where her father was.

"Allons! En route!" cried Jack cheerily, snapping his ribbon-decked whip.

At the same instant a horseless cavalryman, gray with dust and dripping with blood and sweat, staggered out on the road from among the trees. He turned a deathly face to theirs, stopped, tottered, and called out: "Jack!"

"Georges!" cried Jack, amazed.

"Give me a horse, for God's sake!" he gasped. "I've just killed mine. I—I must get to Metz by midnight—"

XIII.

AID-DE-CAMP.

LORRAINE and Jack sprang to the road from opposite sides of the vehicle. Georges' drawn face was stretched into an attempt at a smile which was ghastly, for the stiff black blood that had caked in a dripping ridge from his forehead to his chin cracked and grew moist and scarlet and his hollow cheeks whitened under the coat of dust. But he drew himself up by an effort and saluted Lorraine with a punctilious deference that still had a touch of jauntiness to it, the jauntiness of a youthful cavalry officer in the presence of a pretty woman.

Old Pierre, who had witnessed the episode from the butler's window, came limping down the path holding a glass and a carafe of brandy.

"You are right, Pierre," said Jack. "Georges, drink it up, old fellow—there! now you can stand on those pins of yours. What's that, a saber cut?"

"No; a scratch from a Uhlan's lance-tip. Cut like a razor, didn't it? I've just killed my horse trying to get over a ditch. Can you give me mount, Jack?"

"There isn't a horse in the stable that can carry you to Metz," said Lorraine quietly. "Diable is lame and Porthos is not shod. I can give you my pony."

"Can't you get a train?" asked Jack, astonished.

"No; the Uhlans are in our rear, everywhere. The railroad is torn up, the viaducts smashed, the wires cut, and general deuce to pay. I ran into a Uhlan or two—you notice it, perhaps," he added, with a grim smile. "Could you drive me to Morteyn? Do you think the vicomte would lend me a horse?"

"Of course he would!" said Jack. "Come, then—there is room for three?" with an anxious glance at Lorraine.

"Indeed, there is always room for a soldier of France!" cried Lorraine. At the same moment she instinctively laid one hand lightly on Jack's arm. Their eyes spoke for an instant; the generous appeal that shone in hers was met and answered by a response that brought the delicate color into her cheeks.

"Let me hang on behind," pleaded Georges. "I'm a dirty, you know." But they bundled him into the seat between them, and Jack touched his beribboned whip to the horse's ears, and away they went speeding over the soft forest road in the cool of the fading day, old Pierre, bottle and glass in hand, gaping after them and shaking his gray head.

Jack began to fire volleys of questions at the young Hussar as soon as they entered the forest, and poor Georges replied as best he could:

"I don't know very much about it. I was detached yesterday and taken on General Douay's staff. We were at Weissembourg—you know that little town on the Lauter where the vineyards cover everything and the mountains are pretty steep to the north and west. All I know is this: about six o'clock this morning our outposts on the hills to the south began banging away in a great panic. They had been attacked, it seems, by the Fourth Bavarian Division, Count Bothmer's, I believe. Our posts fell back to the town where the First Turcos re-enforced them at the railroad depot. The artillery were at it on our left, too, and there was a most infernal racket. The next thing I saw was those crazy Bavarians, with their little flat drums beating and their fur-crested helmets all bobbing, marching calmly up the Geisberg. Jack, those fellows went through the vineyards like fiends astride a tempest. That was at two o'clock. The Prussian Crown Prince rode into the town an hour before. We couldn't hold it; Heaven knows why. That's all I saw—except the death of our general."

"General Douay?" cried Lorraine, horrified.

"Yes; he was killed about ten o'clock in the morning. The town was stormed through the Hagenauer Thor by the Bavarians. After that we still held the Geisberg and the Chateau. You should have seen it when we left it. I'll say it was a butcher's shambles; I'd say more if Mademoiselle de Nesville were not here." He was trying hard to bear up, to speak lightly of the frightful calamity that had overwhelmed General Abel Douay and his entire division.

"The fight at the Chateau was worth seeing," said Georges airily. "They went at it with drums beating and flags flying. Oh, but they fell like leaves in the gardens there; the paths and shrubbery were littered with them, dead, dying, gasping, crawling about like

singed flies under a lamp. We had them beaten, too—if it hadn't been for their General von Kirchbach. He stood in the garden—he'd been hit, too—and bawled for the artillery. Then they came at us again, in three divisions. Where they got all their regiments I don't know, but their Seventh Grenadier Guards were there, and their Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Forty-seventh, Eightieth, and Eighty-seventh Regiments of the line, not counting a jäger battalion and no end of artillery. They carried the Three Poplars—a hill—and they began devastating everything. We couldn't face their fire. I don't know why, Jack—it breaks my heart when I say it, but we couldn't hold them. Then they began bawling for cannon, and of course that settled the Chateau. The town was in flames when I left."

After a silence Jack asked him whether it was a rout or a retreat.

"We're falling back in very decent order," said Georges eagerly; "really we are. Of course there are some troops that got into a sort of a panic—the Uhlans are annoying us considerably. The Turcos fought well. We fairly riddled the Fifty-eighth Prussians—their king's regiment, you know. It was the Second Bavarian Corps that did for us. We will meet them later."

"Where are you going—to Metz?" inquired Jack soberly.

"Yes; I've a packet for Bazaine—I don't know what. They're trying to reach him by wire, but those confounded Uhlans are destroying everything. My dear fellow, you need not worry; we have been checked, that's all. Our promenade to Berlin is postponed in deference to King Wilhelm's earnest wishes."

They all tried to laugh a little, and Jack chirped to his horse; but even that sober animal seemed to feel the depression, for he responded in fits and starts and jerks that were unpleasant and jarring to Georges' aching head.

The sky had become covered with bands of wet-looking clouds, the leaves of the forest stirred noiselessly on their stems. Along the river willows quivered and aspens turned their leaves, white side to the sky. In the querulous notes of the birds there was a prophecy of storms, the river muttered among its hollows of floods and tempests.

Suddenly a great somber raven sailed to the road, alighted, sidled back, and sat fearlessly watching them. Lorraine shivered and nestled closer to Jack.

"Oh!" she murmured. "I never saw one before—except in pictures."

"They belong in the snow; they have no business here," said Jack. "They always make me think of those pictures of Russia—the retreat of the Grand Army, you know."

"Wolves and ravens," said Lorraine in a low voice. "I know why they come to us here in France. Monsieur Marche, did I not tell you—that day in the carrefour?"

"Yes," he answered. "Do you really think you are a prophetess?"

"Did you see wolves here?" asked Georges.

"Yes, before war was declared. I told Monsieur Marche; it is a legend of our country. He, of course, laughed at it. I also do not believe everything I am told; but—I don't know—I have always believed that, ever since I was—oh, very, very small, like that." She held one small gloved hand about twelve inches from the floor of the cart.

"At such a height, and such an age, it is natural to believe anything," said Jack. "I, too, accepted many strange doctrines then—"

"You are laughing again," said Lorraine.

So they passed through the forest, trying to be cheerful, even succeeding at times. But Georges' face grew paler every minute, and his smile was so painful that Lorraine could not bear it and turned her head away, her hand tightening on the box-rail alongside.

As they were about to turn out into the Morteyn road where the forest ended Jack suddenly checked the horse and rose to his feet.

"What is it?" asked Lorraine. "Oh, I see! Oh, look!"

The Morteyn road was filled with infantry, solid, plodding columns, pressing fast toward the west. The fields, too, were black with men, engineers, weighted down with their heavy equipments, resting in long double rows, eyes vacant, heads bent. Above the thickets of rifles sweeping past, mounted officers sat in their saddles, as though carried along on the surface of the serried tide. Standards fringed with gold slanted in the last rays of the sun, sabers glimmered, curving upward from the thronged rifles, and over all sounded the shuffle, shuffle of worn shoes in the dust, a mournful, monotonous cadence, a hopeless measure, whose burden was despair, whose beat was the rhythm of breaking hearts.

Oh! but it cut Lorraine to see their boyish faces, dusty, gaunt, hollow-eyed, turn to her and turn away without a change, without a shade of expression. The mask of blank apathy stamped on every visage almost terrified her. On they came, on, on, and still on, under a forest of shining rifles. A convoy of munitions crowded in the rear of the column, surrounded by troopers of the Train-des-Equipages, then followed more infantry, then cavalry—dragoons, who sat listlessly in their high saddles, carbines bobbing on their broad backs, whalebone plumes matted with dust.

Georges rose painfully from his seat, stepped to the side and climbed down into the road. He felt in the

breast of his dolman for the packet, adjusted his sabre, and turned to Lorraine.

"There is a squadron of the Remount Cavalry over in that meadow; I can get a horse there," he said. "Thank you, Jack; good-by. Mademoiselle de Nesville. You have been more than generous."

"You can have a horse from the Morteyn stables," said Jack. "My dear fellow, I can't bear to see you go—to think of your riding to Metz to-night."

"It's got to be done, you know," said Georges. He bowed. Lorraine stretched out her hand and he gravely touched it with his fingers. Then he exchanged a nervous grip with Jack and turned away hurriedly, crowding between the passing dragoons, traversing the meadows until they lost him in the throng.

"We cannot get to the house by the road," said Jack; "we must take the stable path," and he lifted the reins and turned the horse's head.

The stable road was narrow and crossed with sprays of tender leaves. The leaves touched Lorraine's eyes; they rubbed across her fair brow, robbing her of single threads of glittering hair; they brushed a single bright tear from her cheeks and held it, glimmering like a drop of dew.

"Behold the end of the world," said Lorraine, "I am weeping."

He turned and looked under her eyes.

"Is that strange?" he asked gently.

"Yes; I have often wished to cry. I never could—except once before, and that was four days ago."

The day of their quarrel! He thrilled from head to foot, but dared not speak.

"Four days ago," said Lorraine again. She thought of herself gliding from her bed to seek the stable where Jack's horse stood; she thought of her hot face pressed to the wounded creature's neck. Then, suddenly aware of what she had confessed, she leaned back and covered her face with her hands.

"Lorraine—" he whispered brokenly.

But they were already at the chateau.

"Lorraine—my darling!" cried Madame de Morteyn, leaning from the terrace. Her voice was drowned in the crash of drums rolling, rolling from the lawn below, and the trumpets broke out in harsh chorus, shrill, discordant, terrible.

The Emperor had arrived at Morteyn.

XIV.

THE MARQUIS MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE.

THE Emperor dined with the Vicomte and Madame de Morteyn, that evening, in the great dining-room. The chateau, patrolled by doubled guards of the Cent Gardes, was surrounded by triple hedges of bayonets, and a perfect pest of police spies, secret agents, and flunkies. In the breakfast-room General Frossard and his staff were also dining, and upstairs, in a small gilded salon, Jack and Lorraine ate soberly, tenderly cared for by the old housekeeper.

Outside they could hear the steady tramp of passing infantry along the dark road, the clank of artillery and the muffled trample of cavalry. Frossard's Corps was moving rapidly, its back to the Rhine.

"I saw the Prince Imperial," said Jack. "He was in the conservatory, writing to his mother, the Empress. Have you ever seen him, Mademoiselle de Nesville? He is young—really a mere child—but he looks very manly in his uniform. He has that same charm, that same delicate winning courtesy that the Emperor is famous for. But he looks so pale and tired—like a schoolboy in the Lycée."

"It would have been unfortunate if the Emperor had stopped at the Chateau de Nesville," said Lorraine, sipping her small glass of Moselle. "Papa hates him."

"Many royalists do."

"It is not only that; there is something else—something that I don't know about. It concerns my brother who died many years ago—before I was born. Have I never spoken of my brother? Has papa never said anything?"

"No," said Jack gently.

"Well, when my brother was alive my family lived in Paris. That is all I know, except that my brother died shortly before the Empire was proclaimed, and papa and mamma came to our country place here, where I was born. René's—my brother's—death had something to do with my father's hatred of the Empire; I know that. But papa will never speak of it to me, except to tell me that I must always remember that the Emperor has been the curse of the De Nesvilles. Hark! Hear the troops passing. Why do they never cheer their Emperor?"

"They cheered him at Saarbrück; I heard them. You are not eating. Are you tired?"

"A little. I shall go with Félise, I think; I am sleepy. Are you going to sit up? Do you think we can sleep with the noise of the horses passing? I should like to see the Emperor at table."

"Wait," said Jack. "I'll go down and find out whether we can't slip into the ballroom."

"Then I'll go, too," said Lorraine, rising. "Félise, stay here; I will return in a moment," and she slipped after Jack, down the broad staircase and out to the terrace where a huge cuirassier officer stood in the moonlight, his straight saber shimmering, his white mantle open over the silver breastplate.

(Continued next week.)



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

Two years ago there lived in this city a very pretty girl. She had eyes of porcelain blue, a complexion of claret and milk, fluffy bright hair and the daintiness of a Persian kitten. She was as good as she was pretty, and as happy as she was both. Her name was Olga, and she was head over heels in love. Presently she married. From that day until a fortnight ago there was between herself and her husband an argument constant and continuous. It was, Who loved the most? Then Joy, whose hand is ever on his lips, bidding Farewell, took leave of her. Sorrow offered her his arm. From high-noon she passed into night. Her husband was dead. It takes just such an incident as that to teach us that we should hasten to love those whom we cherish, if we do not wish them to leave us forever before we have loved them enough. And yet, even so, there is, to the sensitive, as often as not, but a choice of tears. Over the dead Olga hung and sobbed. But her grief was insufficient. More was needed. Into the room where the corpse, tended by the broken-hearted, lay, a woman came. "I am his widow," she announced, "not you." And it may be that she spoke the truth. Suddenly the night into which the girl had passed changed into nightmare. Struggle as she might, she could not awake. She called to the living, called to the dead, and called in vain. In that nightmare she was strangling. Then Fate relented. It was time. But then Fate could do no more. Olga had escaped. Into death she had followed her lover.

Here is another little local drama, not one week old. The Characters in the Play are Bonafacio; Sestina, his daughter; Paolo, his nephew, therewith a Barge Officer and the Contract Labor Law. Act I. Scene, Naples. Bonafacio's brother has died. His legacy is a boy, aged five. Bonafacio accepts the legacy, takes the child to his home and shows him Sestina, aged one. Act II. Sixteen years have passed. Paolo and Sestina have grown up together. Bonafacio has become ambitious. Il Nuovo York appeals to him. He embraces Paolo, takes Sestina and is about to start. The supplications of Paolo. The tears of Sestina. Bonafacio relentless. Exchange of kisses, vows, rings. Secret betrothal. Bonafacio and Sestina set forth. *Addio Napoli.* Act III. Scene, Nuovo York, an East Side Bakery. Bonafacio has prospered. Sestina tearful still. The perplexity of Bonafacio. The cajolements of Sestina. *Basta, basta.* Bonafacio relents. The smiles of Sestina. Bonafacio's search. The discovery of a situation for Paolo. The message—*Venga* (Come). The saraband of Sestina Bonafacio. Act IV. Scene, Immigration Bureau. The arrival of Paolo. The bleats of Sestina. The hurrahs of Bonafacio. The Barge Officer's discovery that Paolo has a place secured. The Contract Labor Law. The command that he return whence he came. The astonishment of Bonafacio. The consternation of Paolo. Sestina swoons. *Addio l'amore.* Curtain.

A well-known New Yorker returned last week from Paris. Encountering him, I asked after his wife. From the tone in which he replied I fancied her at death's door. But there was nothing the matter with the lady. It was her luggage and Mr. Dingley's forethought regarding it which put the sob in his voice. "I am a pauper now," he faltered. "I am off for the Klondyke. And," he added wistfully, "I am hungry, too." "Surely—" I began. But he cut me short. "I have not had a mouthful since I left here. In Paris dining is out of date." "What?" "Yes, indeed." Then at once the bandits on the wharf were forgotten and I listened to a tale at which I shudder still. Disentangled from melancholy digressions, it was to the effect that of all the succulent restaurants of Paris but three remain, the Maison Dorée, the Café Anglais and Paillard's, and that these are frequented not by epicures but by the dinner-snob, the creature who feeds in fashionable places in order to touch elbows with fashionable folk. Gone is the Trois Frères, the last untainted shrine of Vatel; gone is the Grand Véfour, with its royal kitchen and the delicious English of its bill-of-fare, on which you found such items as "tumbled potatoes," "quails to the Queen on sofas," and "smile of the lamb at the financier." Gone, too, is Bignon's; gone is the Café Riche as long since went the Café Foy, and gone, also, is Véron's. They have sacrificed their birthright not for a mess of porridge, which would have involved a certain sequence of ideas, but in order to cater to that gradual Teutonization which is transforming the boulevards into an annex of the Hofbrau. They are all brasseries, beershops and beastly. No more at Tortoni's will Jules deferentially approach and murmur, "What has my sir the kindness to be good enough to desire to consume?" No more of that. Germany, after conquering with her Krupps, has conquered with her kegs. I could understand the melancholy of the returning traveler, and in it actively we may all collaborate. *Adieu, Paris, jetzt gehen wir lieber nach Berlin.*

The mortal illness of the Grand Duke of Baden recalls the mystery of Kasper Hauser; recalls, too, a delightful story. Years ago at Anspach, a quaint town on the Rhine, a lad was assassinated. The circumstances were such that at the time it was generally held that he was the victim of one of those dramas which are common enough in the little German courts. Later it was practically proven that the lad—Kasper Hauser, as he was called—was the rightful heir of the duchy. The episode, however, happened a long time ago, and the present incumbent never appeared the least uneasy at the revelations. But on the subject of this black historical problem a charming tale is told. A French illustrated paper recently reproduced, without credit, a picture made by an artist whose name happened to be

Kasper Hauser. The latter protested, but the editor, who dearly loved a joke, told him it was all nonsense, that Kasper Hauser had been assassinated years before, that he had become a hero in a melodrama, and that he had never painted a picture in his life. The artist nonetheless brought suit, which in the end he won, but not without leaving some doubts as to the validity of his claim, doubts which were not wholly dissipated until, for some new picture or other, he was finally awarded a prize. "Are you from Baden?" the delegate who brought it inquired. "No; I am Swiss." "But you are the same Kasper Hauser who—" "No," the artist interrupted. "That is to say, yes: I am the painter, but not the boy who was killed."

In the recent prospectus of an insurance company there is a statement to the effect that any philanthropist who in the first year of the Christian era had invested, at five per cent compound interest, the sum of one penny, would, in 1894, have been in a position to provide every being on the face of the earth with a good deal more than a trifle over \$300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. This, of course, is but a hint from the company. The moral is that you may come there and invest with safety. All the same I deeply regret that there was no such philanthropist. Had he invested but a ha'penny and invested it much later, the result would still have been satisfactory in the extreme. Even otherwise it would have been so easy for him to calculate the result. For instance: 1.05—log. 0.0211893. Multiply that by 1894, and you find that it makes log. 40.1325342, which is 13,690 sextillions of pennies—quite enough to go round. Great oaks from little acorns grow. But what a beautiful science is mathematics!

Mr. Kipling has come in for a pleasant and pertinent parody from the Cincinnati "Tribune":

"A fool there was and he had a wheel
(Even as you and I),
And it whirled and whirled till it made him feel
(As he looked), a fool from his head to his heel,
For the thing was not of iron and steel,
But just aback of his eye.
"Oh, the days we waste, and the pay we waste,
And the muscle, and grit, and sand;
But the difference betwixt the wheels we ride
And the ones that are buzzing away inside
Is something we can't understand."

But Mr. Kipling need not mind. For what is fame? The old test was to see your name spelled wrong in the newspapers. But we have changed all that. Parody is an excellent symptom, but the accusation of plagiarism is better. When Mr. Kipling is denounced as a thief he may be quite sure of posterity. Meanwhile, what has become of Rider Haggard?

"The Library of the World's Best Literature," abundantly advertised and beautifully printed, is really a surprising achievement. With Mr. Dudley Warner for editor, more specialists than you can count for Advisory Council, it is appetizing to think how good it must be. And so it is. Here is Mr. Godkin, of the "Post," sandwiched between Gladstone and Goethe. There is room for everybody. There is room for Bismarck. There is room for Beethoven. To Bismarck, the statesman, my hat is off. Of Beethoven, the composer, I never get my fill. But what either of them have to do with letters it would take a dozen libraries of better literature than this to tell me. Then look at Coppée. There is an emasculated pot-boiler who managed by a scratch to produce a gem—"Le Passant"—a little perfection which Gautier might have signed. Naturally you would suppose that, what with Mr. Warner and the Advisory Committee, it would be reproduced. Not a bit of it. In its place there are two perfect specimens of his perfect rot. And there is Dobson, unknown to the many, it is true, yet a weaver of charming verse and the author of one masterpiece—"Autonoe." Samples of his songs are given, of course; but for that masterpiece you may look, and you will look in vain. And there is Dante. The selections from the "Divine Comedy" cover twenty-six pages. It fully deserves them. Moreover, they are very good. They have been made by Charles Eliot Norton, who prefaces them with thirty-three pages of remarks. That Professor Norton should consider his own prose preferable to Dante's verse, is, of course, a matter of taste. But I will venture to suggest to this gentleman that he would have served the reader better if, instead of translations made by himself, he had provided translations made by a poet—by Longfellow, for instance, or even by Rossetti whom he never mentions, and whose version of the "Vita Nuova" is exceeded in beauty only by the "Vita Nuova" itself. But for tid-bit take Epicurus. He does not appear in this collection. That is a matter of course. Like many another of the world's great teachers, he did not write, he talked. What he said, Diogenes Laertius alone has recorded. Selections from the latter provide what Cleanthes said, what was said by Bias, Demetrius, Antisthenes and other bores, who have survived only because they have been forgotten by death; but of what Epicurus said, not a syllable. In the advertisement it is related that the selections are not made with an ax. Well, well, one may wonder whether a blockhead is better.

Commercially, this collection of odds and ends has my best wishes. It is bargain counter dry-goods, and ought to have a quick sale—which is, after all, I suppose, its one purpose and purport. May it succeed. Mr. Collier has in preparation a collection of a different category, to which I may predict a longer life. Its title—"The Library of Literature"—is not as lengthy as the other; but then there is no rubbish in it. It is all literature. Barring pictures, there is nothing else. You will look in it in vain for Beethoven, for Bismarck, and even for Mr. Godkin. But from A to Z you will find every author who is an author, and you will find every author's masterpiece besides. You will find more. In A you will find the Arthurian Legend and the Assyrian Epic of Creation, precisely as in Z you will find the Zend-Avesta. For the legend, the epic and the sacred book are literature, and not remnants and misfits stuck in to fill up. Mr. Collier's Library of Literature comprises the best works of the best writers of all ages and of all nations, and, barring their pictures, their biographies, bibliographies, and the opinions in which critics

have held them, it contains nothing else, not one earthly, solitary thing; and yet, while I may be in error, I think that, as such, it will provide a complete university education in itself.

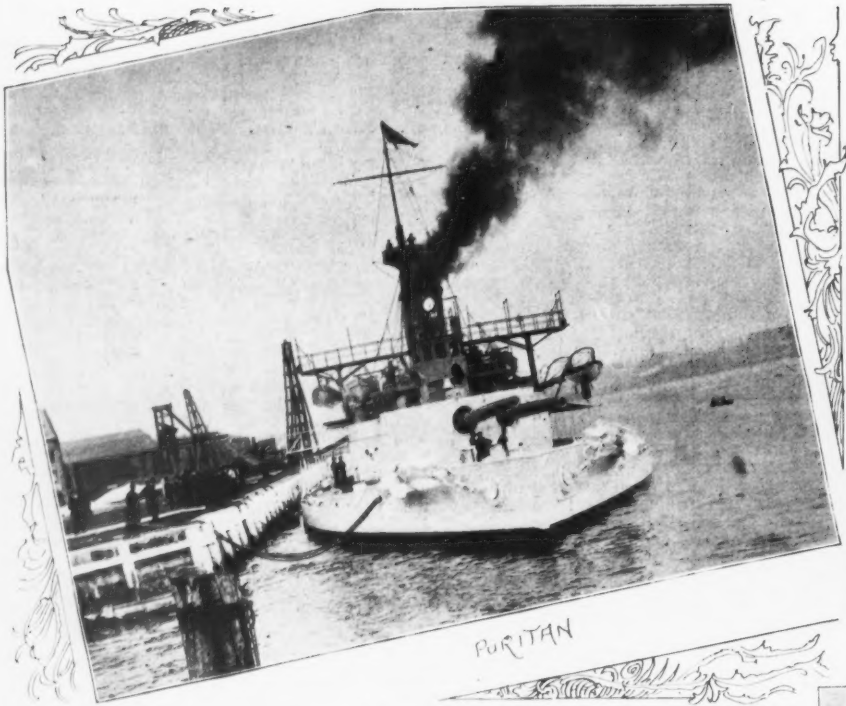
Mr. F. L. Knowles' "Practical Hints for Young Writers" (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is a work which teaches you how to write a book precisely as you learned how to ride a bike—in six lessons or money refunded. It satisfies what I think I once heard catalogued as a long felt want, and, inserted in Mr. Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," it should prove a taking and valuable feature. As that Library is still in process of publication, Mr. Knowles' effort could be nicely tucked in at the end. It would help to fill up, and would be quite on a par with the rest. For instance, Mr. Knowles has a fine scorn for anything hackneyed. "Tripping the light fantastic toe" was, he declares, "original and clever when Milton wrote it." Yes, when he did, and it is original but not clever of Mr. Knowles to put it in that fashion. "Practical Hints for Quoters" is a manual which I will recommend to him. I greatly affecting too this gentleman's advice On the Choice of Subjects. You are not to hunt about for them, you are to take the one nearest at hand; it may seem uninteresting, but that is an illusion; all you have to do is to look at it long and attentively, and its interest will suddenly appear. Mr. Knowles is quite right. I had thought his little book rather stupid, and abruptly I find it entertaining in the extreme. It is on poetry, however, that Mr. Knowles is at his best. The writing of verse is, he says, a good way to gain ease of expression; but, he adds, "burn what you have written." In view of Mr. Warner's Library, I am glad that Mr. Knowles did not put his Hints into quatrains and triplets.

It was ever thus from childhood's hour. A gentleman who told "How to Succeed in Life" was tried for embezzlement. A lady who instructed in "Etiquette" was pursued for making an improper use of the post-office. Feydeau, who wrote "The Art of Pleasing," was much disliked. The one practical hint for a young writer is to avoid manuals. For they will turn him into a chemist and make his books a drug on the market. Look at Mr. Archibald Claverling Gunter. There is a man who distributes more millions, foils more villains, fights more duels, escapes more dangers, and elopes with more heiresses than any dozen daredevils you ever heard of. And do you suppose he requires practical hints to do it? Perish the thought. He is that kind of a chap, that is all. And therein is the whole secret. If a young writer has the vocation he will get along without manuals. If he hasn't, he had better turn grocer. No grammarian ever wrote a thing that was fit to read. I never met a poet who would not have been a dunce in a spelling bee. Grammar and spelling the young writer may safely leave to take care of themselves. Geniuses often write badly, and so much the better for them. At the same time, an inability to write well is not evidence of special talent, although true it is that a very large number of entirely amiable people think so.

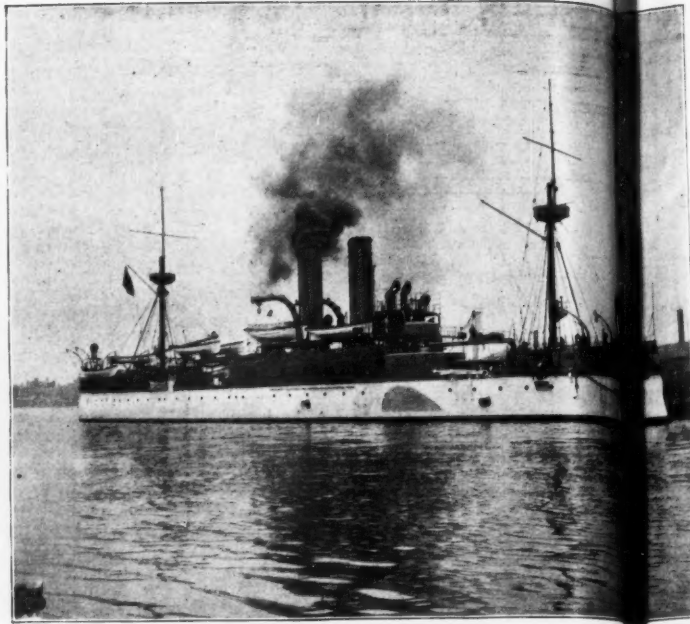
The fortieth anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte was recently and plentifully commemorated by Mr. Frederic Harrison, *et al.* There was a gathering of the faithful, a sermon, a communion of spirit and a consumption of tea and toast. This is all very nice and ladylike, but why not commemorate the death of Aristotle, or, better still, that of Marcus Aurelius? From the one we got logic, from the other sense. The world is indebted to both of them. I am unable to see in what manner it is indebted to Comte. He was a literary *faisleur*—*farceur*, if you prefer—who took the thoughts of others and dressed them up. The late Mr. Chambers was infinitely more useful, and by the same token so are the publishers of the Encyclopedia Britannica. From Comte we got a promise which, parenthetically, he failed to fulfill. He laded out a creed which he called Positivism, and which, if positive at all, is positive that there is nothing positive. He had an object, though; it was to synthesize all knowledge into a single system of thought, and therewith, after abolishing theology, to reorganize the Occident. It was a pretty big order. But the idea found adherents; what vagary has not? In 1842 the sixth and last volume of his doctrine was flung at the public, and with it the knell of all religions was assumed to have been rung. A few years later Comte evolved the Religion of Humanity, of which Mr. Harrison is the present pontiff, and which has as much connection with philosophy as an opera-bouffe has with logarithms.

In the utopias in which Comte originally lost himself he planned the remodeling of society on a basis which would make a mummy laugh. With a patent office air which would have been becoming in Columbus, he pointed out that there is no such thing as liberalism in physics and chemistry, and that if it be otherwise in ethics and politics it is because neither of them possesses fixed principles. It was these principles which positivism was designed to provide. In their acceptance that active abstraction Public Opinion would, he declared, disappear, and then—and then—a corporation of philosophers, salaried by the State and "treated with the greatest respect"—isn't that enough to make you want to kiss his ghost?—would have charge of everybody and everything, and would be particularly occupied in preventing thinkers from squandering their time in valueless speculations. The decrees of these philosophers were not to be questioned, and as the idea of the sovereignty of the people is the most pernicious which civilization has advanced, no attention whatever would be paid to the inclinations of the masses. At the time these theories were widely accepted. The prophecy of the overthrow of superstition had nothing in it that was alarming, the general acceptance of positivist tenets seemed not unreasonable, the injunction against idle speculations was received with open favor, but the sturdiest could not look without terror on a future governed by philosophers. It was then that the Religion of Humanity was evolved, the foundation of which Mr. Frederic Harrison, *et al.* annually commemorate. After all, why not if it pleases them? The possibility of its dissemination is scant.

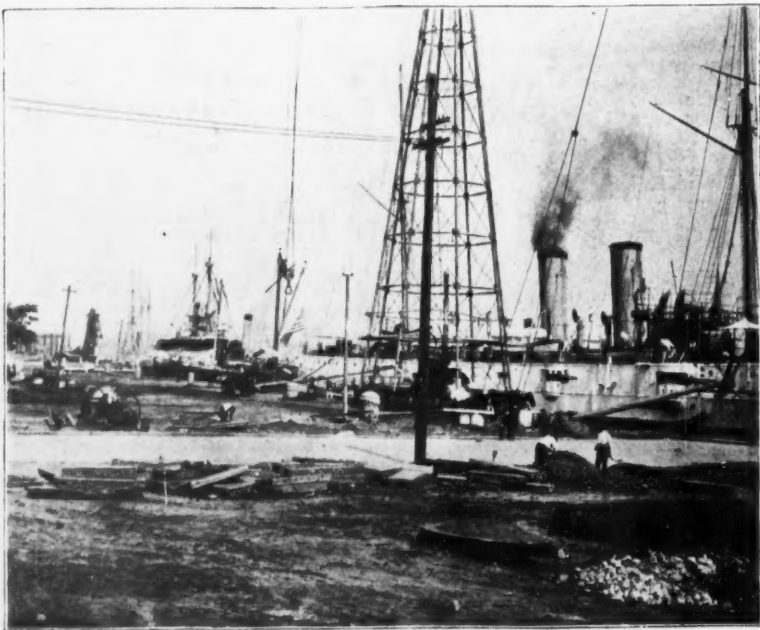
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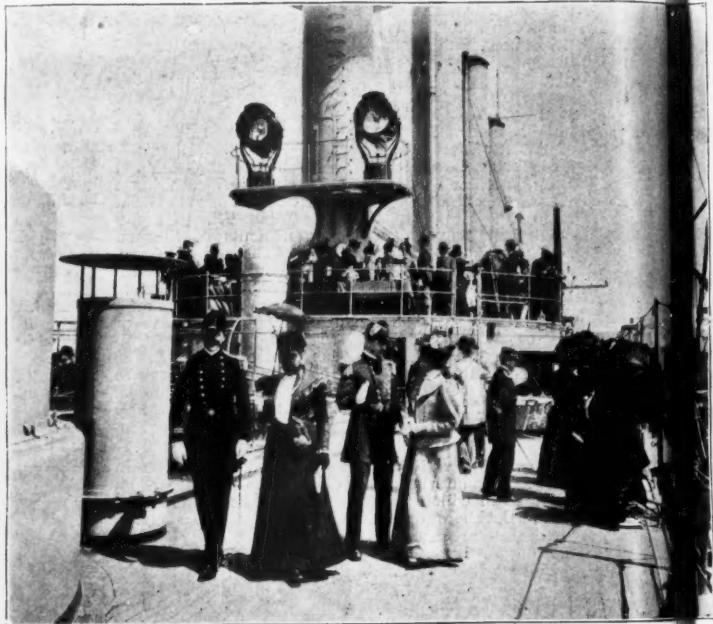
PURITAN



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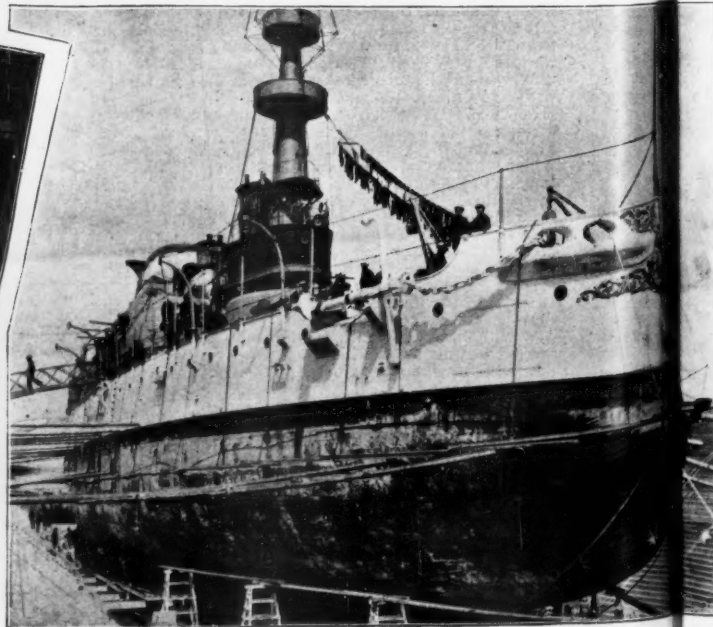
GENERAL VIEW OF THE YARDS



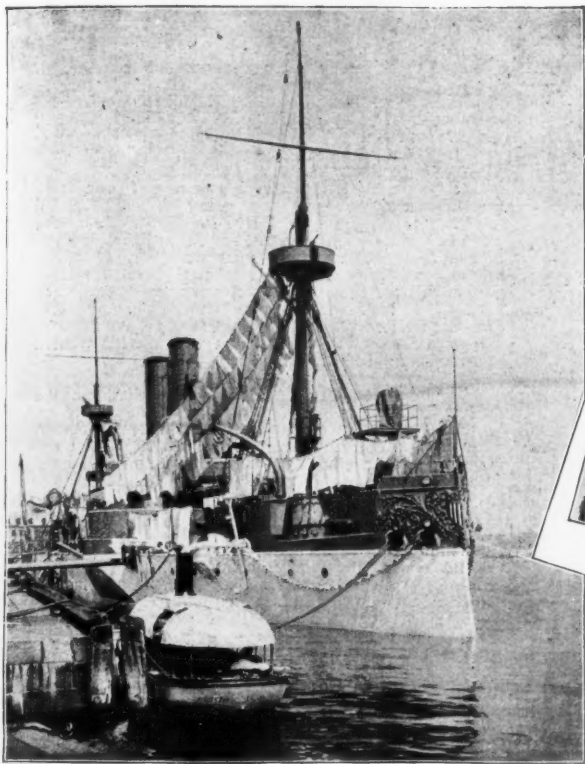
RECEPTION DAY ON THE BROOKLYN



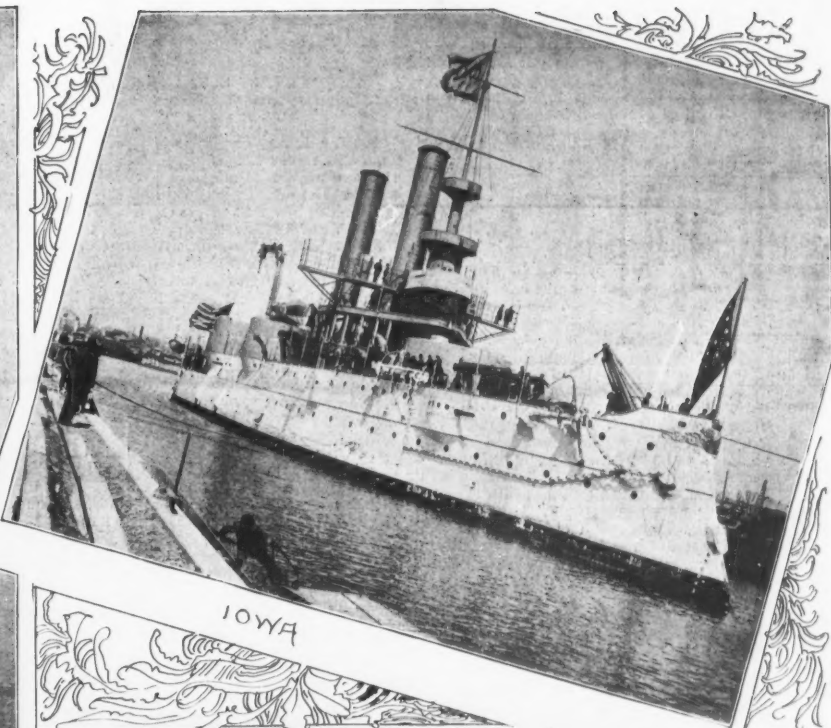
REPAIR AND CONSTRUCTION SHOP



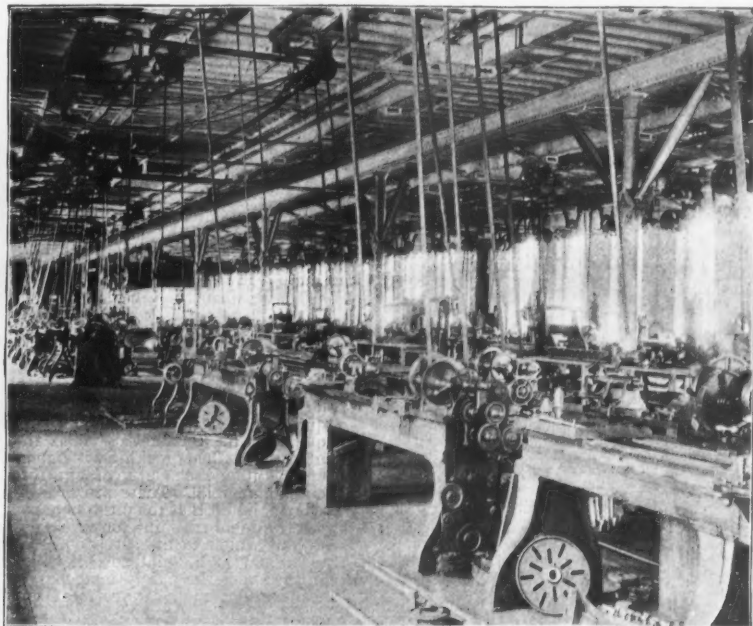
MASSACHUSETTS IN DOCK



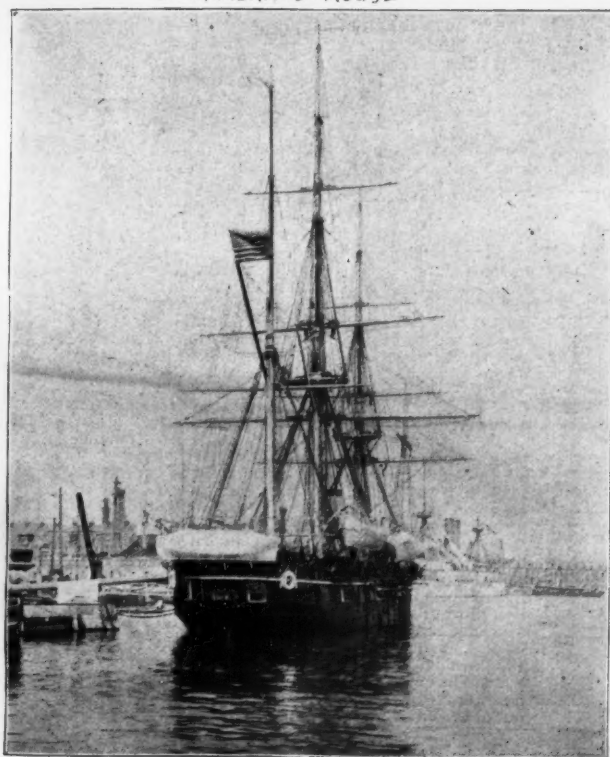
WASH DAY ON THE MAINE



COMMANDANT'S HOUSE



ENGINEERING MACHINE SHOP



THE OLD ALLIANCE



BRASS SHOP

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued from page 7.)

There is a curious disease which pathology has discovered. It is called Displacement of the Heart. One of its symptoms, or perhaps it would be more exact to say one of its results, is loss of memory. The patient forgets. He becomes aphasic. At first he can't remember dates. Then words, then names, escape him. Finally, he loses even the consciousness of his own identity. Emerson had it. What happens to men may happen to towns. The heart of London is Regent Circus. The heart of Paris is the Place de l'Opera. Where is the heart of New York? For years we used to think it safely situated in Madison Square. But that was in the days when New York had Bowling Green at one end and Central Park at the other, in the days when the one was remote and the other was a journey. At that time, and it is not so long ago, there was not a shop on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Paron Stevens was the first to put one there. The deed was regarded as very bold. Mr. Lorillard objected mightily. Said Mrs. Stevens, who was pretty quick with her tongue: "You would not mind, now, would you, if it were a tobacco shop." Then Mr. Lorillard shut up. There were trees then on Fifth Avenue, real trees, and not far from the Cathedral there were goats. That is not a minute over twenty years ago. Meanwhile little by little New York has become afflicted with displacement of the heart. There are names and dates and places which she remembers no more. Delmonico is moving. To-morrow he will be high in the Forties. Thither, too, has Sherry—unknown in the earlier epoch—migrated. On the west side of Central Park, wealth has elected to reside. Columbia has journeyed to Harlem. Already Madison Square is Down Town. In no time the Plaza will be what that region was, the center of interest and fashion, and a little later, when, merged in outlying towns New York shall have lost her identity, lost even her name, and shall have become Manhattan, the displacement of her heart will be complete.

The following sample of book advertising in 1900 appears in a recent issue of the "Month." Reproduced here it may perhaps furnish a few helpful suggestions to publishers and authors:

BELLA BLAIR'S GREAT NOVEL.
Her Brightest and Best.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE."

With the collaboration of
EIGHT (8) FAMOUS AUTHORS.
THRILLING . . . PATHETIC
UPLIFTING . . .
CLUTCHES THE HEART STRINGS.

SEVEN (7) HEROINES

Four blondes, three brunettes.

SIX (6) HEROES.

Count them yourself.

One a gambler, one a nobleman; the others, ministers, burglars, divorcees, and college athletes.

GREAT TRIPLE PLOT.

Enacted simultaneously in London, Duluth, and Smolensk. Characters all from life. (Key with every copy.)

CHIEF INCIDENTS.

Two Railroad collisions	Two	Two
Six Marriages	Six	Six
Five Abductions	Five	Five
Twelve Court Scenes	Twelve	Twelve
Nine Scandals	Nine	Nine
Three Death Beds (all fatal)	Three	Three
One Subway explosion	One	One

TO ANY ONE ordering before the 15th inst., we will present (for cash orders only) an ELEGANT RED AND BLUE MANICURE SET.

HOW TO ORDER.

- 1st Press the fire alarm button three times, and simply wait.
- 2d At any Station Counter.
- 3d Hand your order to any policeman.
- 4th Send for one of our female Parisian canvassers.

N.B.—Costumes in this novel described by "Gyp"; subtleties by Henry James; love scenes by Bourget; railroad accidents by Jókai; abductions by Edgar Saltus; court scenes by Anna Katharine Green; scandals by the editor of the *J*—; marriage services by a corps of carefully selected and highly trained bishops; drunks and disorderlies by Stephen Crane.

In days of old it was the custom for a man to support with sword and spear his ideal of womanly beauty, as embodied in the maiden whom he specially admired, and much human nature and horse-flesh was used up in contests that led to nothing definite but funeral expenses. In our own times more peaceable forms of contest over the comparative charms of admirable women have been devised; the mildest man can enter the lists by paying for shares in a piano lamp, bicycle or other article to be given to the most beautiful woman, who is of course the one who receives most votes of contributors. Out in Colorado they have been making the effort cheaper, apparently, by voting with coupons, which cost only the price of the newspapers from which they are cut. But no changes of method, clime or rank can change the spirit of manhood; some of Colorado's gallants were so loyal to their sweethearts that they kept newspaper presses running day and night to turn out coupons in sufficient quantity, and afterward there were some fist-fights and pistol-shooting and funerals, and the end is not yet. Who now dares say that the age of chivalry has passed?

CAN the sale of an inferior article constantly increase for 32 years? Dobbin's Electric Soap has been on the market ever since 1865, and is to-day, as ever, the best and purest family soap made. Try it. Your grocer will get it.



BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LIX.

As far as any foreigner can possibly discover, England was never less radical than now. The old-time polemics of Mr. Labouchere have lost all weight. Liberalism is at present only another form of conservatism. The feeling toward Victoria and the entire royal family is one of devoutest respect. There is no doubt that for many days before the Jubilee keenest anxiety was widely felt. It seemed as if socialism were being tempted too far. And now there is universal rejoicing. A clever Englishman told me yesterday that he believed the throne was sure to last on for a hundred years. It had been terribly imperiled under the Georges, he said, but now for one of the longest reigns in all history a good and pure woman had done her utmost to regild its tarnished pomp. Popular love for the Queen could not well be more intense. Where are the democratic growlers I have been unable to find out. They certainly manage to conceal themselves, provided they exist, with a tact which one would not suspect of them. The whole royal family, too, is held in highest esteem. Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, was never liked, but in accepting the dual honors of Saxe-Coburg Gotha he virtually ceased to be English at all. It is a fact, too, that the Queen's daughters are women of the most exemplary life. The Empress Frederick is both intellectual and learned; the Princess Christian is deeply interested in highest kinds of charities; the Marchioness of Lorne paints fairly well, and is attached to artistic subjects; the Princess Henry of Battenburg is chiefly known for her filial affection and devotion. Meanwhile all these women's lives have been free from the faintest breath of scandal. Thousands of eyes are leveled upon their daily acts, all of which are blameless. The Duke of Connaught, their brother, has avoided compromising gossip with peculiar success; and as for the Prince of Wales, though much was forgiven him because of his position and the stringency of temptation attending it, he is now believed, nevertheless, to have sown his very last peckful of wild oats.

"We cannot just explain our allegiance to royalty," hosts of enlightened English people will tell you, "but it thrives in a way that we all firmly feel." There is much self-deception about such utterances as these. England is to-day no less of a republic than the United States, and her Queen has not half the power of our President. What the English really like about the maintenance of royal ceremonies, institutions and prerogatives may all be classed under a single definition—civic peace. It is the old story with her—"Let sleeping dogs lie." Not that the abolition of royalty would bring about any internecine war. The days have gone by when chivalry rallied about banished kings. There are no more Stuarts, with their obstinacies, their lies, and their appeals to "divine right," for whom many a gallant gentleman was willing to beggar himself and go in rags. English royalty is, in all political meaning, a purely decorative affair. The Guelphs, if no longer desired to inhabit their palaces, would quit them as quietly as did the French Bourbons theirs—and more quietly still. But in England is an immense antagonism to that final breaking with monarchy. This agency of opposition is made up of two forces, one social and one commercial. There are large numbers of people who maintain that the prestige of royalty is, in society, an admirable restraint for arrogance, and a fine standard by which to measure good manners, among both great and small, "old" and "new." Then there is that other force—the purely mercenary one. Marked governmental changes always mean somersaults and other calisthenics in the money market. Those who have, want to keep; and such persons form a vast community in Great Britain. After all, I am not sure if one might not safely state of "God Save the Queen" that few Englishmen either sing it or say it without adding a mental "Me, too!"

I have never known the soles so bad in England as they are this year. They have always seemed to me an overrated fish, at any time. They have a certain satiny smoothness and a solidity mixed with tenderness, but they are lacking in marked pungency of flavor. Of late, however, as I said, they have greatly "fallen off." I have scarcely been served with a sole, since my arrival here, of which I could honestly say that it was excellent. Turbot is a much better fish, though we Americans rarely so pronounce it. Whiting, if fresh and well-cooked, is a caress to the palate. Dished with tail in mouth, as so often it is set before you here, it addresses me as an idealized eel—the sort of thing that a virtuous eel might become after death. The salmon in England is nearly always delightful, and one seldom finds in it that toughness which sometimes marks its transatlantic kin. Cod and mackerel, too, flourish famously well, and the halibut quite equals our own. Then there is a fish called plaice, a sort of flounder, resembling sole, which is extremely palatable, and which swims not, I believe, in our western waters. But two of our best kinds of fish are unknown here—bluefish and shad. A kind of shad is, I am told, procurable, but not worthy of mention beside our creamy and succulent favorite. In bluefish, and our breezy modes of trolling for them from the decks of yachts and sloops, the English show a lively curiosity, though, of course, this form of sportsmanship is petty beside their salmon-trout fishing among the northern lakes.

An amusing story lately reached me about those two brilliant personages, Bismarck and the deceased Benjamin Disraeli. Earl of Beaconsfield. Having added his presence to those of the many other distinguished people who attended the celebrated Treaty of Berlin, in 1877, or thereabout, Disraeli announced his intention of addressing the assemblage, when his turn came, in French. Lord Odo Russell, the English Ambassador,

himself a most accomplished linguist, heard of this resolve with sharp dismay. As he happened to be well aware, Disraeli's pronunciation of French was simply abominable. In misery of spirit he vainly cast about for some way of preventing the Prime Minister of England from making himself ridiculous before a historic European congress. At last he determined to seek counsel of Bismarck. The great diplomatist listened, seriously at first, then with amusement twinkling in his eyes. "I think," he at length said, with one of his sapient nods, "that I can see a way out of the affair." Not long afterward he presented himself before Disraeli. "My dear Lord Beaconsfield," he exclaimed, laying a hand on either of the Premier's shoulders, "what unhappy thing have I just heard? Can it be possible that you—you!—are going to address us in another than your own native language?" Here the Prince paused for a moment, and threw back his head. "That language of which your world-renowned eloquence has proved you the greatest living master!" Disraeli, ever susceptible to flattery, was completely fooled. If his face, always so deadly pale, could have blushed with pleasure, it would surely have done so then. He afterward spoke, and with all his wonted power—but not in French.

The other day I was privileged with a glimpse of the new house which Dr. A. Conan Doyle is now building, at Hindhead, in Surrey, about forty miles from London. Dr. Doyle was absent, just then, from that part of the country; but even if he had not been at Eastmouth, Bournemouth, or some such place, he could not yet have lived in his charming dwelling, still under the tyrant spell of masons and carpenters. Charming I call it, not so much because of its unfinished interior, which promises both comforts and delights, as because of the enchanting view it commands. Just now the view is especially lovely. One slope, empurpled by heather, dips down to meet another of equally luxurious tint, though here and there great stretches of bracken intervene. Bracken and heather! When Nature gives us those, in delicate alternation, she seems making one of her occasional apparent efforts to indemnify man kind for having brought us into the world without either permission or dissent. I can hardly imagine that Dr. Doyle will have many moods of depression with so fascinating and stimulant a prospect ever ready to divert him; for when these heavenly tints fade there will always remain the slumberous grays and blues, wild silvery glimmers, ethereal or opaque shadows, of cloudland and valleyland lying beyond. It is said that Dr. Doyle (who is still a young man) has made very large sums from his books. This is the way that England rewards those writers whom she deems meritorious. America has a way of praising one of her "favorites" and buying somebody else who is English. Seemingly not a soul grudges Dr. Doyle his handsome emoluments. He is personally popular, apart from his work. An athlete, a horseman of rare skill, he also excels. I am told, as an amateur boxer. There is probably no form of exercise more healthful, and that Dr. Doyle should now and then indulge in it does not seem a fair reason for his having been the recipient of a droll yet uncivil request from some "enterprising" London editor. I have learned, on the best authority, that a person of this sort wrote him, several weeks before the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fisticuff, asking him if he would cross the ocean (and a continent as well) for the purpose of writing a full description of that refined event. On hearing this tale from a near relative of the novelist, I inquired as to what response he had made. Of course "refusal" was answered. "Why didn't he write back," I could not help saying, "that he would go over and 'do the thing' for fifty thousand pounds sterling, and all expenses paid?" This, it occurred to me, would have been a seemly *reductio ad absurdum* of a proposition already no less absurd than rude.

If any one should ask me what I thought of English weather I should reply that I found it a subject which no one should sanely discuss. Some Frenchman once said that an English summer usually consisted of a thunderstorm and a hot day; but I have known English summers visited by considerably more than a single thunderstorm and by a good many hot days besides. Still, the summers here are an infinite refreshment compared with our own. All the past August has been simply cold; there is no other word. In July we had a severe drought, but now a clear day is rare. When one speaks of English weather one speaks, it should be remembered, of meteorologic conditions wholly different from ours. Both Ireland and the island of Great Britain would be uninhabitable but for the Gulf Stream. They are planted amid boreal Atlantic winds and vapors, and by an accident of locality they became the green and winsome tracts that they are. Literally they lie almost in mid-ocean, and hence every oceanic influence assails them, intense cold being combated by the Gulf Stream alone. In London you are never safe from a sudden rain, because all English weather is "false as dicers' oaths." In New York there is real, tangible weather. That is, it clears off, as a rule, or it doesn't. When it does, you know what you are to expect, are likely to get. But in London, again, it never decisively clears off, and you never know what you are to expect or are likely to get. Everything is merest guesswork. It is bright overhead when you start out, and five minutes later a cloud comes lumbering from the west, purple and portentous. Presently the cloud bursts, and for five minutes more it rains with wrath. There is a current phrase about the devil beating his wife when sunshine and rain commingle. One has fancies, in England, about a devil who is peculiarly British. Not only does the sun shine while it is pouring, but I have repeatedly gone to bed with the general impression that it has been a fair day when in reality it has rained fully six hours out of the twelve.

A droll story lately reached me regarding the Princess Maud of Wales, before she became Princess Charles of Denmark. Besides being unmarried, she was then decidedly younger than now. Just after the "baccarat scandal," which socially ruined a Scotch baronet of ancient lineage, she was driving at her father's side through one of those dense crowds which, on race days or others of a still more public character, assemble to

stare at royalty. She has always been declared to be the most sprightly of her father's three daughters, and there are some people who have accredited her with the possession of a distinct native wit. The chances are that she is (or then was) a bit girlishly frolicsome, and that this trait, contrasted with the dullness of the Duchess of Fife and the sedateness of the Princess Victoria, was magnified into the most captivating vivacity by courtiers' applanse accounts. However, on the occasion to which I have just referred, and while she and the Prince were seated side by side in their carriage, a sudden audacious cry startled the air. "Hallo, Prince Bae!" shouted some British citizen whom thrones had failed deeply to awe. The Prince set his face in an expression of the most impervious hardness. Not so Princess Maud, whose lips broke into a mischievous smile. With much filial disrespect but no little real comedy, she gave her father an abrupt nudge, and said, in a voice loud enough for numerous by standers to hear: "Governor, why don't you laugh?"

Often we hear it said of war that the rigors and disciplines which it brings to bear upon humanity are wholesome from a national viewpoint, and that, provided the arts of peace were alone cultivated, feebleness and cowardice would result. This is equivalent to stating that unless men are kept in practice as regards killing one another they will adopt a slower and more subtle process of killing themselves. Much may be said on what you might call the Spartan side of the question. I will waive this, mainly for the reason that its arguments are so obvious. Naturally men will cut each others' throats with greater success if trained and habituated to the proceeding. But there is another point to be noted. Why do men so often choose a military career when urged by no motives of patriotism? Constantly, as we know, they do make such choice. Is it not because the lust for killing is a part of their temperaments? We speak about the excitement of conflict stirring certain natures. For "excitement of conflict" read "pleasure of homicide," and the truth is more patent. In Germany and Italy hundreds groan under the tyranny of enforced army service. But thousands willingly enlist. In England there is no such enforced army service; one can be a soldier or not, as one chooses. And yet an immense standing army exists there, incessantly swelled by new voluntary recruits. Humbly never clad itself in more deceitful draperies than the easy phrases of "patriotism" and even of "dying for one's country" as well. Splendid individual cases of heroism have for centuries won our admiration and respect. But to the vast majority of fighters war has always been a natural craving. Precisely the same impulse sways this craving as that which leads to the search of "big game" in India or western America. The universal cessation of war would never breed effeminacy. Courage could not be eliminated from mankind by reducing to a state of desuetude the tendency to destroy his fellows. It might not, after centuries of peace, assume a harder form, but it would grow, unquestionably, more moral; and in that thought measureless benefit to the human race is involved.

Queen Victoria has often been called a great stickler for etiquette, and a sovereign prone to resent the least violation of its codes. Yet she is all suavity and indulgence, I hear, to those who hold humbler positions than the fine titled gentlefolk of her court. Each of her daughters, too, is likewise gracious, it is reported, imitating their mother in every possible act of genial and unaffected kindness. But with the Princess of Wales, they say, all this is entirely different. She is haughty to those who serve her, and moreover, she is often willfully capricious. I have chanced to hear the woes of a dressmaker, a modiste, who is also a woman of good birth and much culture, and they distinctly concern her relations with the wife of the Heir Apparent. It is a pleasure, she has stated, to go down to Windsor and wait upon the Queen. Every allowance and sympathetic politeness is shown her, in her position as a member of the upper classes making a living by trade. On the three royal Guelph princesses, too, she asserts that attendance is no less exempt from embarrassment and fatigue. But when a "command" comes from the Princess of Wales she goes down to Sandringham, or presents herself at Marlborough House, with thrills of positive fear. Alexandra does not hesitate to keep her waiting for two hours. Once she kept her thus for four. The lady had become faint with hunger, and wearied beyond words. At last, as it happened, the Prince of Wales chanced to enter the room where she sat. He at once shook hands with her in his most affable way, and on learning of the Princess's treatment (which I suppose Mrs. — tactfully hinted and no more) protested that her Royal Highness must have been misinformed and would be extremely sorry to learn the facts, *et cetera*, in gallant deceit, which charmed while it did not deceive. He then insisted that the poor woman should go with him into the luncheon-room, and gave her his arm to conduct her thither. The ordeal with the Princess came afterward, and was the usual battle of quiet respect against whimsical intolerance and hauteur. "I am ill for two or three days beforehand, from pure agitation and dread," observed Mrs. —, "whenever the Princess of Wales sends for me." Of course she has the option of either going or not. But then if she should take the latter course half her custom, and probably three-quarters of it, would melt away.

Du Maurier's death has been swiftly followed by that of another old supporter of "Punch," not so brilliant, but in his way full of worth. E. J. Milliken rarely signed any articles, and therefore his name will have an unfamiliar ring to many habitual readers of the journal for which he incessantly wrote. He began writing for it over twenty-two years ago. One of his lyrics attracted the attention of Tom Taylor, and he was asked to join the staff of "Punch." "He held," says a London newspaper, "the position, essentially modern, of a journalist in meter." Indeed, the verses which Milliken has published in "Punch" would fill many volumes. He abhorred the spirit of modern vulgarity, and in "Arny" made this vividly seen. "His powers of facile and effective versification" were not, to my own mind, so very conspicuous; but there is no

doubt that "now, in a paper like 'Punch' especially, and in some few others, it is as necessary to have a man capable of turning out a workmanlike copy of verses at a moment's notice as it is, in other periodicals, to have the ready writer in prose." Milliken, it is alleged, could assign to his amiable Muse almost any task—an event in politics, a famous man's death, or a national crisis. His counsel was held to be invaluable in the selection of a subject for each weekly cartoon, and he always composed the lines which accompanied it. On the whole, however, one must maintain that Milliken was useful rather than good. Much of the letter-press in "Punch" is poor, and its "poetry" is often forlornly marrowless. Its elegies on great men have usually been labored to a degree that was indeed mournful. A fair specimen of the sort of thing Milliken could do best is the following rhymed comment on Tennyson's renowned couplet:

"Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day,
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

"Better indeed! The Singer's creed—
Not in mere boastful insular mood,
Whose vain complacency can feed
On narrowing of the great and good;
Not in the pompous Podsnap style
The Genial Master mocked and scathed,
But modestly—our Mother Isle,
In wild mid-ocean's mists enswathed,
May well adopt. Better! And why?
Two pregnant words fit answer give:
Freedom and Progress! Gray our sky,
But Liberty and Light can live,
Manhood grow great, beneath its cope.
Herein, despite delays and fears,
Hath stood our faith, hath dwelt our hope,
These Fifty Years."

I sincerely hope that a few recent anecdotes concerning Mr. Labouchere have not yet become common property throughout "the States," for at least two of them are bright and fresh. When the famed radical was in St. Petersburg, Prince Bismarck also was there, as Prussian Ambassador. One night he and Mr. Labouchere dined together at the house of the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke d'Ossuno. Shortly before it was time to depart, Bismarck turned to the Englishman and said: "You have heard so much about Prussian greed; just look what Dutch acquisitiveness is like." They moved aside toward a window as the Dutch Minister came up. Plunging both hands into a box of cigars which had been placed on the table for the guests' general consumption, he soon filled his pockets. This tale is almost brutally amusing if true; but this other has the dulcet ring of purest comedy:

Mr. Labouchere once arrived at the Prussian frontier station of Mielowitz, where the *barrières* of Prussia, Austria and Russia meet. It was early in the sixties, when Bismarck's power had begun to make itself markedly felt. The custom-house officers were uncivil, and tossed the luggage of Mr. Labouchere into a state of wild confusion. They found nothing dutiable, and the traveler at last told them that since they had made havoc of his things he would trouble them to change chaos into order. This they refused to do. Whereupon the annoyed tourist quietly said: "I am sorry at your refusal, for I shall stay in this town until you reverse it. In fact, I shall take a house here." This cool stroke of defiance had no effect whatever, and presently Mr. Labouchere continued: "Will you kindly oblige me with a piece of paper?" This request was granted, and the gentleman seated himself and wrote a telegram. It was addressed to "Herrn Minister-Präsident von Bismarck, Berlin," and it ran thus: "I am sorry to say that I cannot dine with you to-morrow, as I am detained here for an indefinite period." This dispatch Mr. Labouchere handed to the head of the custom-house department, courteously desiring that it should be forwarded. . . . *Presto!* There was no more trouble about his portmanteau, whose contents were most expeditiously replaced.

Another engaging tale has reached me, from a totally different source, with respect to this same Mr. Labouchere. It concerns his life as a boy at Eton. Even then, it is affirmed, he had the strongest distaste for stimulants, and during later days he has avoided them. But on a certain occasion he chose to cross the Thames over to Windsor and enter a public house. Clad in his voluminous Eton collar and short jacket, he roused the amusement of the waiter who appeared for the purpose of serving him. But this sort of treatment did not at all please the future dignitary of the House of Commons. Looking as imperative as his youthful face permitted, he ordered the waiter to bring him a bowl of punch. Before long the bowl of punch was brought, and both itself and its contents were of so generous a size that the lad regarded with consternation this result of his rash demand. Nevertheless, he paid for the mammoth potion, and leaned back in his chair after the attendant had gone, meditating on what course to pursue. It may have been that he took a few sips of the stuff while repenting his bravado. But the impossibility of consuming what had been brought him induced a ruminative mood. Suddenly, after having looked all about the room and espied a chest of drawers, he was seized with a luminous idea. He opened the lowest drawer of the five or six, and discovered that in all probability it was so tightly wrought that its joinings would not leak. Forthwith he emptied therein the entire bowlful of strong drink, closed the drawer, replaced the vessel on the table, and seated himself with a grand air. Soon he gave a sharp summons, whether by bell-pull or rap of tumbler, and the waiter reappeared. "Bring me another bowl of punch, please," he said, "and as quickly as you can. I'm rather thirsty." The waiter stared. Young Labouchere stared back, with the cold smile of sixty on his rosy lips of seventeen. The waiter did his bidding. A second punch-bowl was brought and paid for. Once more alone, its recipient opened the second drawer of the cabinet and performed the same operation as before. . . . Afterward he sallied forth into the hall of the Windsor inn, with hat cocked slightly sidewise and with gait in clever copy of an inebriate swagger. By this time a little crowd of people

had assembled, to watch this abnormal Eton boy, who was capable of walking at all after such prodigies of potation. Doubtless the landlord was present, conscious of professional rewards and anxious that this unexpected patron would return. But it is not narrated that he ever returned. Matters might have been made hot for him if he had.

I notice that the Duke and Duchess of York, in their tour through Ireland, have selected as one of their tarrying-spots the home of the Earl of Dunraven, in County Limerick. This proof was not needed, however, that Lord Dunraven still remained *persona grata* with royalty, despite his distressing behavior after having been defeated in the international yacht race. He accused honorable gentlemen of the grossest swindling, and then crossed the ocean leaving astonishment behind him, and not a little scorn. Afterward he came back to New York, and attempted a "defense" of his calumnious course. He was permitted to make this *in camera*, as the lawyers say. But ultimately, if I mistake not, either his resignation from the New York Yacht Club was requested or else his expulsion took place. Anyway, the whole business was extremely shocking and shabby, and if Lord Dunraven had likewise deported himself in any continental city he would probably have had several duels on his hands—and duels of a bloodthirsty kind. Moreover, if an American had acted in England as he acted among ourselves, the whole affair would have been regarded as a disgrace to his country. But here it is already no doubt forgotten even by his enemies and recollected only by those kind-hearted persons, his most intimate friends. The social self-sufficiency of Great Britain, and especially in its relations toward the United States, can ill be described as "insular." It is often comically overbearing as well. The truth is, between New York and London there lies a rational oceanic distance of about three thousand miles. But between London and New York the divergence is much more than double—let us say ten thousand, at the least. As I have always insisted, the English care so little about us that our diligent concern for them often takes ridiculous tints. If we would cultivate a little more indifference—if we would suppress idle Anglomania on the one hand and on the other foolish carping and snarling, we might succeed in winning from them an actual regard and appreciation which they now (half unconsciously) restrain. We should bear in mind that they have never given any large amount of admiration to any great country, and that on France (far nearer to them than are we) they have for many generations flung ridicule—some of it, perhaps, well deserved. For that matter, is there any great nation on the face of the globe which has not flung ridicule upon some other?

And *apropos* of ridicule, it occurs to me that we Americans have for many years actually insulted educated Englishmen by taking for granted that they drop their "h's" from the words which begin with an "h," and add an "h" to the words which begin with a vowel. Cultivated Americans do not *now* deal in such reckless parody, but I recollect very distinctly a time when they did. If an Englishman were introduced in our old-time plays he would invariably talk like this: "Well, now, really, I 'ope I 'aven't hintruded upon you," etc., etc. As most of us who know anything are at present clearly aware, only the ignorant classes of England speak in this way. The immense middle class speak, as a rule, with delightful correctness. The aristocracy never drop an "h," but they (and certain members of the more careful middle class, too) will sometimes drop the final "g" from participial words and others of a like ending. For example, they will say: "I've somethin' very amusin' to tell you." I recall how Du Maurier once travestied this odd tendency in "Punch," choosing a bit of dialogue between a swell masculine and a swell feminine. . . . But by what strange process of evolution (or dissolution?) unlettered Englishfolk ever came to say "Enery" for "Henry," "Arny" for "Harry," while at the same time corrupting "office" into "hoffice" and "awful" into "hawful," I have long studiously marveled. If it be a kind of colloquial madness it is surely one with a very clear method. Let any American attempt to imitate this *façon de parler*, and he will quickly discover its extreme difficulty. And yet to the London porter, cabman, landlady, waiting-maid, it all seems to come so excessively natural! I wish that some of the many philological readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY would ruminate on this question of "h"-dropping and "h"-prefixing. Or perhaps not a few of them have ruminated already. In that case I feel confident that the columns of this journal would kindly consider their opinions and suggestions, if tersely presented. For myself, I confess that the whole why and wherefore of the matter has long baffled me past words.

OUR new navy is still being abused at every possible opportunity by newspapers that are "agin the government" on general principles. Much has been made of the "bucking" of a small section of a plate of the "Indiana" while that battleship was in dock at Halifax, although similar accidents are common to merchant vessels in dry-docks. A great fuss is made, also, over the many minor mishaps of some of our new torpedo boats, although vessels of this class are necessarily the greatest known combinations of light structure and enormous motive power. England is the greatest ship-building nation of the world, yet when a short time ago three new torpedo boats were sent to sea together they all returned, successively, for repairs. Newspapers that really must abuse the navy owe it to their own reputation to employ experts in naval construction to revise their copy.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYSE, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



VACATION'S ENDING.—GOOD-BYES TO A JOLLY HOST.



TARTAR SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM A FORAGING EXPEDITION.

Be sure you get Pears.



Half the fun of getting up in the morning is in washing with Pears' Soap. Genuine Pears'—genuine fun.

Pears' makes the skin clear and beautiful. A fat soap greases the skin, an alkali soap makes it red and rough. Pears' is nothing but soap, no fat or alkali in it. All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists. There are soaps offered as substitutes which are dangerous—be sure you get

Pears' Soap



XXXVII.

ANARCHISTS are not philosophers, though they claim to be precisely the flower of philosophy. They have no philosophic comprehension of mankind. Few of us have, for that matter; but then anarchists act against that combination of human forces which we call society, and the rest of us do not. What is the best way to destroy society? Anarchists reply: Kill a lot of people and destroy a lot of property; let the people you kill include as many as possible of those who are in positions of authority.—But nothing could be less philosophical than this programme.

Unless you can kill a whole society, root and branch, which is a practical impossibility, you had better kill none of it; for your partial and sporadic efforts will only serve to render the great surviving majority more set in the ways (abuses, if you will) which are what you really aim to destroy. Violence inspires resistance; and involves reaction against the proposed condition which it is sought by violence to establish. Violence directed against a given person, thing, or condition arouses sympathy for it—a disposition to think better of it than before. Were persons, things or conditions irreplaceable, there might nevertheless be some sense in destroying them; but it is the most patent of facts that nothing is irreplaceable; the world goes on to all intents and purposes the same, no matter what individuals or other elements are removed from it; since it is not any particular concrete phenomenon, but the spirit which caused its incarnation, that is real and, being real, is permanent. Useless to blow up palaces or public buildings, or to tear human beings to pieces with bombs; the buildings are rebuilt, and a successor steps into the bombed person's place the instant that he falls. Individual persons or phenomena are nothing; the spirit that animates them is everything. You cannot kill spirit; and to kill the material vehicle of it is to waste powder and shot, and to enlist new recruits against the cause you are trying to promote. For of course the persons or things could not exist at all, did they not represent something which society approves.

During the last dozen or twenty years, to go no further back, several rulers of nations have been assassinated. Is the state of Europe different thereby? No; and the reason is that a successor immediately appeared, in each case, who carried on the policy or idea represented by the deceased; who was nothing in himself, and anything only in so far as he represented that idea. The world has already forgotten Garfield, Carnot, Canovas, Alexander, so far as they affected anything beyond their little personal following of friends and henchmen; they were not indispensable, and they were not, politically speaking, missed. Even the great Lincoln left no vacancy save in the hearts of the millions who loved him; the work of the country went on just the same after he was gone. And his murder, and those of the others, did not advance the cause of anarchy, but fixed more firmly in the minds of men that, come what might, anarchy should never prevail. Tyrants have been slain; but tyranny has not therefore ceased to exist. Good men have been killed, but the goodness that made them survives. No doubt the civilized world might feel a sense of personal pleasure were the scoundrel Weyer to be destroyed; but his death would not free Cuba, or mitigate the barbarous policy of Spain, of which he is but the willing tool. No doubt, had our eccentric acquaintance Mr. Jackson succeeded in his recent attempt to make away with our present Chief Magistrate, we should all be unaffectedly grieved; but who will pretend that the Republican party, or the Republic, or the Tariff, or the gold standard, or Behring Sea, or Hawaii, or the Canal, or any

imaginable policy, predicament or principle would be in the least degree modified by his departure? Our good little Major is a man whom to know is to love; but we can do without him, and a thousand like him. Lovable as he is, he is but the peg on which we have hung our fad or foible of the moment; and were he to break beneath its weight, we should but use the next peg, and, to encourage the others, suspend honest Mr. Jackson from a beam, with a slip-knot round his throat. I therefore entreat Mr. Jackson and his colleagues (if he has any) to let the Major alone, and, if they want a change in things as they are, to go the right way about to secure the same.

How, then, are such changes to be brought about? I am not bound to offer an opinion; perhaps I am satisfied with the world as it is. But if I were not, I am sure that I should not expect to alter it by anarchy; but by law. I do not here refer to law as understood by legislators in Albany, or even in Washington; but to the law that is inscribed on the hearts of the just and good. It is the men who were the incarnation of this law who have molded history, in so far as they have acted with conscious and intelligent volition. Not they, but the law in them, was efficient; in so far as anything merely personal to them was concerned, the effect was hindered, not helped. They were successful just in so far as they retired self and put forward law, and no further.

For, though we may be content to rub along with things as they are, we, no more than the anarchists, claim that we have attained perfection. We would be glad if everything were better. To be better, a thing must be more nearly its own ideal; that is, must be in closer accordance with abstract law. The basest human mind owns its ideal; the highest human mind owns the same—that is, the most nearly perfect condition it is capable of conceiving.—But the test of the true ideal is that it shall be not destructive, but always creative; it does not annihilate what exists, but uses even refuse as manure. That is to say, it puts all things in their right places. We cannot begin with a tabula rasa, and build up from nothing, as the anarchists pretend. Were that essential, we could not stop with the extirpation of society; we must go back through the geologic periods to chaos, and start from the sun once more. We must take things as we find them, and "remold them nearer to the heart's desire." But the way to remold is not to smash and bully, but to enlighten and lead. If you have a light which the best in me acknowledges to be such, I cannot do otherwise than follow it; for you have then become a finer version of myself than I myself am. Anarchists are mere sensualists; they cannot reason; in all anarchist literature and utterance there is not so much as a single sane syllogism. They have a function in the world, however, and they diligently perform it with never a suspicion that they are so doing; they preach the gospel of law by negatives. There is in all of us an insane undercurrent of rebellion against righteousness and order; the anarchist is a concrete example of the absurdity of such rebellion carried to its conclusion. We see him, and know what to avoid. He speaks, or shrieks, or throws his bomb, and we realize what order's opposite comes to. He keeps alive in us a hatred and scorn of all that he represents. And just at this time, when the foundations of things are stirring under us, and wise men lose their heads, it is very well that the anarchist does exist, irritating and embattling us. His use in the body corporate is similar to that of the nerves of pain on the surface of the human body; he warns and prevents, and saves us from mishaps that would else be fatal. He holds the mirror up to the evil and perverse side of our nature, and we learn to recoil from what, did it remain but a half-acknowledged impulse of our own secret heart, we might in an unguarded moment yield to, and be lost.

A more humane forecast than the anarchist's is that of the English scientist, described in one of the Sunday papers last week. This gentleman declares—basing his prediction or assertion on the results of his personal observation—that the coming race is actually coming, and is now among us; but not in the manner that the late Lord Lytton imagined. They are coming as our own sons and daughters—nay, as our very own selves, if we have the gumption in us to respire the spirit of the new age. A good deal of his theory, as set forth in the account, seems to me foolish; it ignores what all the Utopians of this generation have ignored, the immortal weight and conservatism of the human heart, or emotional nature. He infers that, because the sixth sense will be developed, the five senses will disappear. This would almost seem to imply inattention to such familiar physiological facts as, for example, that the ear hears better when the eye is directed to the source of the sound. Each sense is helped, not hindered, by the rest; and when the sixth sense is fully born, the others will be not less, but indefinitely more delicate and exquisite. The visible universe will always be spread around us, and will teach and train the soul, and delight us with beauty of color and form. The sixth sense will enable us to see, not only at a distance, and to communicate and live all through the universe; but it will reveal the beauties and harmonies of familiar things, which are now hidden from us by the veil which the sixth sense will withdraw. Nature is inexhaustible, and neither six nor six hundred senses will enable us to see the end of her; and meanwhile there is the spiritual meaning of nature to be developed, which is a parallel study on another plane, immeasurably higher and finer than the first.

Leaving this aside, the idea of the new race is a fine and inspiring one. The new light, or thought, or idea, or faculty, comes to you, according to the professor, suddenly, like an outburst of divine fire from the brain; you are now, in comparison with what you were an hour ago, a demigod. You see the chariots of fire on the mountain, and you converse with angels. You contemplate the mind of your interlocutor as if it were a landscape or a drama; its contents and purposes and memories are visible to you at a glance. Your friend on the other side of the planet speaks, and you hear him. You look, like Asmodeus, through the walls of the houses; or into the bowels of the earth; or you cast

your glance heavenward, and observe the peculiarities of life on Saturn and Neptune. You may multiply your personality, and be not in two merely, but in a dozen places at once; you may disenthral the boundless force hid in atoms, and seize the reins that turn the planet, and control the sun. You may create and destroy matter with a breath; you may experience immortality in time.—I am always in love with such notions, and hospitably entreat them.

But our valiant professor would not be content with the implied slight in the word "notions"; for he says that he personally knows, at this speaking, no less than twenty contemporaries who belong to the Coming Race; and he is writing a book about them. I do not gather that these forerunners are quite so completely furnished forth as the above summary would indicate; but they are on the way to it. But if he knows twenty, may not some of you who read this, or I who write it, know one or two? They have, of course, revealed themselves to us only so far as our capacity for comprehending them extended; but can we not vouch for them so far? I will be bold to declare that I can; I know a man and a woman, or so, of the New Comers; I have seen enough of some of their powers as to believe that they may well have others. I have seen a man take in the hand of a man on the very edge of death by consumption; his lips black, the sweat of death on his forehead, his breath a hundred to the minute, his pulse a mere expiring flutter, his eyes glazing, his senses dulled; one lung of this man was entirely closed; he had not slept for three days; he would be dead in an hour, according to the best medical forecast. My friend took in his dank and nerveless hand, and held it quietly for a few minutes; then he drew in a deep breath, and exhaled it again, sending with it, down the nerves of his own arm, into those of the dying man, a great current of health and life. Where did he get it from? From his own vital supply?—No: his own account of it is that he drew it, with his breath, from the infinite source of life around us all; his own personality was, for the time being, as if non-existent; he had become but the channel through which the infinite power operated; the vehicle of its application. Again, and again, and again, was that mysterious current inspired and sent forth; and now the dying man breathed more slowly; the lids of the glazed eyes quivered and sank and closed; his whole frame grew quiet and relaxed; he fell asleep. My friend slowly withdrew his hand, and left him; it was the first sound sleep for weeks; the first sign that the onset of death had been stayed.

The next day he returned and found the patient easier; he held his hand once more, and once more sent into him the principle of life. There was nothing more than this: no passes; no eyings; no imposing of the will; no hypnotism; merely the annulment of self, and its consecration to the service of a higher and purer power. Every hour and day by day the sick man mended; and now, after a month, he is up and about his trade of carpentering again, as active and able as he has not been since many years. Now, this story is true; what do you make of it? I could tell many other tales of my friend, as true and not less strange; and yet he is the most sequestered and private of men, and I am free in speaking of him because I am quite certain he will never see or hear of what I have written. It is by no means in healing only that his faculty announces itself. But we will let the other things go for the present. Do you know any persons of this stamp? And are you not apt to believe that they are of the Coming Race?

The professor also hints at a matter which must have occurred to many;—that there sometimes comes a time in the life of a man—it is often at thirty-five or forty, sometimes five or ten years later, rarely during the twenties—when he gradually comes to the consciousness that he is being physically, mentally and spiritually born anew. He takes a new start, as it were, all along the line; he is the same man, and yet another; he understands more widely and deeply than ever before; it is not the result of study or experience, but is a free gift from the Source of gifts. His brain clears; his physical and vital energies increase; his health has a new evenness and strength. The old life is done; another has begun. Simultaneously with this personal renewal sets in a new and favoring order of circumstances and outward conditions; where before he failed, now he succeeds; the fortune and power which till now he sought in vain, flow toward him of their own accord. Often it happens that he enters upon a branch of work or activity which was heretofore strange and unthought of; he performs new duties, and fills a new place—and always a higher one. The span of his life takes a fresh departure; and years become playthings, and cease to be enemies. Do you happen to have met with instances of this? If not, you will hardly credit it; but there are those who know.

We were on the verge of war with Japan a month ago; then with Spain; then with Austria; now with England; and with Spain again. I can easily believe that we may go to war with any nation; but that any nation should declare war against us is practically impossible. The condition of Europe does not admit it. As soon as hostilities began, the nation beginning them would lay herself open to the inroads of her neighbors; whether we were beaten at first (as



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very likely we should be) or not, would make no difference; the diversion of power to conquer us would diminish the resources of the aggressive nation at home; and her victory over us would be her ruin in her own house. If on the other hand we were to gain the first advantage, the candle would be burned at both ends, and the end thereof would be sudden. But whether we won or lost at first, nothing is more certain than that, once we began to fight, we should never stop until we were victorious; and every month and year that we fought, we should grow stronger and more invincible. Sooner or later the destruction of our opponent must come to pass; and the longer it was delayed the more inevitable would it be. No other country begins to have the resources that are ours. Now all this is as evident to other nations as it is to us; perhaps much more so, for they are more concerned to size us up than we are to perform that office for ourselves. Besides, though no nation, qua nation, loves us, yet the people of many nations do, and war against us would be unpopular. All the world has its friends and relatives among our citizens. All the world is all the time invading us; but it comes, not to fight us, but to be assimilated into flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone.—Therefore, when the London "Globe," or any other irresponsible little cockerell, English or Continental, begins to crow at us, I don't see why we should feel annoyed; if they know what they are talking about they don't mean it; and if they don't know, it is no matter.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

THE many navy yard scenes reproduced on the double-page plate of this paper give some idea of the contents and numerous activities of the greatest navy yard in the United States. This yard, according to the Navy Department, is in New York, but geographically it is in Brooklyn. Common report insists that it is principally an idling place for ships that should be at sea, and for officers and seamen who like "fat berths" ashore. In reality it contains more workers and fewer idlers, in comparison with the number of occupants, than the busiest portion of the city outside of its walls.

A great portion of the yard, covering hundreds of acres, is laid out like a model village, with paved and sidewalked streets crossing one another at right angles; all the streets are named and all the houses numbered, and there is gas and water available everywhere. In the buildings on these streets are made or stored everything (except gunpowder) that is needed on war-vessels, and the absolute needs of a naval vessel are far more numerous than those of a millionaire. Outside the limits of this village, and nearer the miles of docks on the great basin which cannot be seen from river or shore, the aspect is more in keeping with the general idea of the yard of a great manufacturing establishment; for, as shown by one of our illustrations, the ground is covered with derricks, rails, slides, sheds and material of construction and repair. To this navy yard come almost all the vessels, not in the Pacific Ocean, needing repairs, refitting or reconstruction, and there is always some of this work going on, for the modern warship is complexity itself; the finest ocean liner is simplicity by comparison. The yard's resources are equal, too, to the construction of very large vessels: the "Maine" (see illustration), 6,648 tons displacement, and really a battleship of the second class, although technically rated as an armored cruiser, was entirely constructed in this navy yard, and the work was so well done that she has needed repairs with exceptional infrequency.

Although a war-vessel built by contract is supposed to be complete, except for armament, when she is turned over to the government, there are numberless last touches which are entrusted only to the navy's own mechanics; hence, and because no repairing is entrusted to contractors, the many great shops shown in the illustrations. It is not unusual for a great ship to require new machinery throughout; in such case she is sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. At present the "Chicago," the flagship of our first "White Squadron," is being supplied with entirely new engines and boilers, to make her as speedy as any of her sister-ships of later build.

The variety of vessels sometimes in the yard at a time is as puzzling as it is picturesque to the civilian visitor from the interior of the country and imagining that ships ought to bear a strong family resemblance to one another. Some of the differences are shown by our illustrations. The "Iowa" is the largest of our battle-ships, and when launched was the largest and most powerful of her class in the world; even now it is doubtful whether England's new class, of greater displacement by more than two thousand tons,

are her equals. The "Brooklyn," which European naval authorities admit is the finest cruiser in the world, contrasts strongly with the "Alliance," of the old type of steam cruisers; the "Alliance" is literally a thing of beauty, for she is fully rigged for sailing and as graceful and dainty in appearance as a ballroom belle; but the deck views of the two vessels show by comparison how modern naval art has stripped away everything that can be disarranged by hostile shot and shell. The bow view of the "Puritan" is of the world's largest and most powerful vessel of the monitor type—a ship with deck so low that only the gun-turrets can serve as targets for the enemy, and with hull broad enough to afford the steadiest of floating gun-platforms. The "Atlanta," one of the older ships of the new navy, is of the few big modern vessels with large sail area; she could make her way anywhere without using her engines. The "Dolphin," although built with a yacht-like hull, to be used only as a dispatch-boat, has nearly the displacement of the "Kearsarge," which fought and sunk the "Alabama," and has nearly three times the "Kearsarge's" horsepower, although the older vessel was thought fast under steam.

All these vessels, whether at sea or in the yard, are as clean and slightly throughout as the mansion of an aristocrat, and their crews are as cleanly and neat as so many model village maidens. Whether at sea or in the yard, the routine of ship duty and the standard of ship discipline is maintained. There is always so much to do that the "Jackies" have but an hour or two of leisure during the day, and even in port there is an occasional day of "liberty" only for men against whom there is no record for duties badly done.

Not all the ingenuity of the ablest naval experts has been able to devise new methods of washing and drying sailor's clothing, so frequently visitors to a navy yard will see hundreds of garments fluttering from the rigging forward, as shown in one of the pictures of the "Maine." When the clothing is to be taken in, or when a distinguished visitor comes aboard, the hundreds of garments disappear as if by magic; a sailor twitches his hand two or three times at a cleat and down drops clothes and line to the deck—an operation which does the clothes no harm, for the deck is always as clean as a dining-table.

The navy yard, with its thousands of civilian workmen, its ships, crews and many millions of dollars' worth of property, has a commandant, who never is of lower rank than commodore, to whom all officers and men within the walls are subject. He has a delightful, commodious old house as headquarters and he deserves it, for his responsibilities are greater than those of any admiral commanding a fleet. Up to a few years ago his work was sadly hampered by local political influences which forced unfit and lazy workmen upon him, but civil service reform has changed all that and all money now expended in the navy yard is fully earned. The Brooklyn Navy Yard is a bit of public property of which American taxpayers have every reason to be proud.

JOHN HABBERTON.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

From Adare Manor, where the Duke and Duchess of York visited, the royal visitors proceeded on September 1 to Baron's Court, Newtown Stewart, the seat of the Duke of Abercorn. The royal party adopted the Shannon route, which included a river voyage of several hours on one of the boats belonging to a recently inaugurated navigation company. From Adare the Duke and Duchess proceeded by way of Limerick and Killaloe, where complimentary addresses were exchanged, to the jetty station. There they alighted and embarked on the little steamer "Countess of Mayo," around which lay a flotilla of craft from which enthusiastic crowds cheered the royal visitors. At Williamstown and Portumna the inhabitants picturesquely showered flowers upon the royal boat and cheered the heartiest possible welcome. At Banagher the land journey was resumed, and, by way of Mullingar, Newtown Stewart was reached before eight o'clock. The Duke and Duchess rested on the two days immediately following their arrival at Baron's Court. The first evening a torchlight procession was held by the retainers of the house of Abercorn, the second was devoted to a display of fireworks. On Saturday the royal visitors proceeded to Londonderry, where they received probably the noisiest welcome of the whole tour. The city welcomed its distinguished guests handsomely, and after a banquet and speeches the royal party proceeded by way of Antrim to Mount Stewart, where they spent a quiet Sunday as guests of Lord Londonderry. Monday was occupied with a visit to Lord Annesley, at Newcastle, a lovely spot in the heart of the Mourne Mountains. Tuesday saw a visit to the horticultural show at Newtown-

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ards, and on Wednesday the Duke and Duchess paid a visit to Belfast, their stay being all too brief to satisfy the loyal people of the North.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDYKE.

Voyagers journeying to the Klondyke country must, by steamer large or small, by sailing vessel or canoe, arrive at Scagway Wharf, at the head of the Lynn Canal, from Victoria or Vancouver, or some port in the United States. From Scagway, crossing the White Pass by the road recently opened, they reach Windy Arm of Lake Tagish, the beginning of the waterway to the Yukon. Here they must procure—most probably must build—a boat or scow of some kind to carry them and their belongings on their long journey to the north.

To experienced boat and bushmen there is no hardship about this, supposing provisions are plentiful and the clouds of mosquitoes are not too tormenting. But to the inexperienced this trip will at first seem full of wretchedness; yet, after a few days of rowing or sailing through the weird but frequently very lovely scenery, they will get to take pleasure in it. The night-camps alone, though there is no darkness in the region in summer, are a delightful experience.

After passing down Tagish Lake, and through narrows into Lake Marsh, which is also traversed, the traveler reaches the Lewes River, down which the course lies, until, at one hundred and twenty-three miles from Scagway Wharf, the first really serious obstacle occurs. This is the Miles, or Grand Canyon. It is but five-eighths of a mile through, with an average width of one hundred feet, yet as the river is about two hundred and fifty yards across where it enters, the water pours through this narrow gorge with terrible force. Skilled boatmen may, however, shoot this canyon with safety, though not without an element of risk. All boats must either go through it or be portaged, and the latter course is an arduous undertaking. Most crews at least lighten their cargoes, and send their goods over the portage for the distance of about a mile. It takes three minutes at most for a boat to go through.

PRESIDENT FAURE AND THE CZAR.

The overflowing good-will which characterized M. Faure's Russian reception, and which was signalized by the affectionate embrace with which the Czar bade his guest farewell, found its counterpart in the heartiness with which France welcomed her chief magistrate on his return.

At Dunkirk M. Faure visited the Chamber of Commerce and the hospital, after which he was entertained by the municipality. Of course the Alliance was the theme of the hour, and in reply to the toast of his health M. Faure alluded to the intimate union of two great nations as one of the most striking events of the close of the century. The President found Paris at her gayest. Decorations were everywhere, and crowds, immense and enthusiastic, gave the President so

royal a welcome that it recalled the Czar's visit to Paris. A few minutes before the President passed the Madeleine the now indispensable bomb exploded. The machine turned out to be a very harmless affair; the work evidently of a lunatic, who may, after all, have been actuated by a benevolent desire to increase the din of welcome. Referring to the fact that during the Czar's visit the inevitable bomb exploded a quarter of an hour too late, while now it was too early, M. Faure said: "There seems a lack of punctuality."

The President entertained all the Ministers at the Elysée. On all sides were heard the "Marseillaise" and the Russian Hymn. The fete was observed in all the chief towns of France. Algiers, also, participated in the general rejoicing. In Paris a gala performance was given at the Opera, at the close of which a band of one hundred and fifty enthusiasts, with flags, left the building and marched toward the Elysée, shouting "Down with William!" Their indiscreet choice of a watchword landed them in trouble with the police, who, after a scuffle, dispersed the company and made two arrests.

On September 1 M. Faure sought rest from his pleasant toil and proceeded to his villa at Havre. At Rouen he had an enthusiastic greeting. The same day the Franco-Russian Alliance was notified to all the European governments by the Russian Embassadors and Charges d'Affaires in the various capitals. The notification insists on the entirely pacific character of the Alliance.

Among our illustrations this week we give a picture of the laying of the first stone of the Troitsky Bridge at St. Petersburg, at which M. Faure assisted. On this occasion a curious incident occurred. After the Czar had kissed the cross, which the metropolitan, Mgr. Palladius, presented, his Majesty asked M. Faure if he would do the same. The metropolitan, however, hastily withdrew the sacred emblem without waiting for the President's reply. It is surmised that he had not quite grasped the situation.

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